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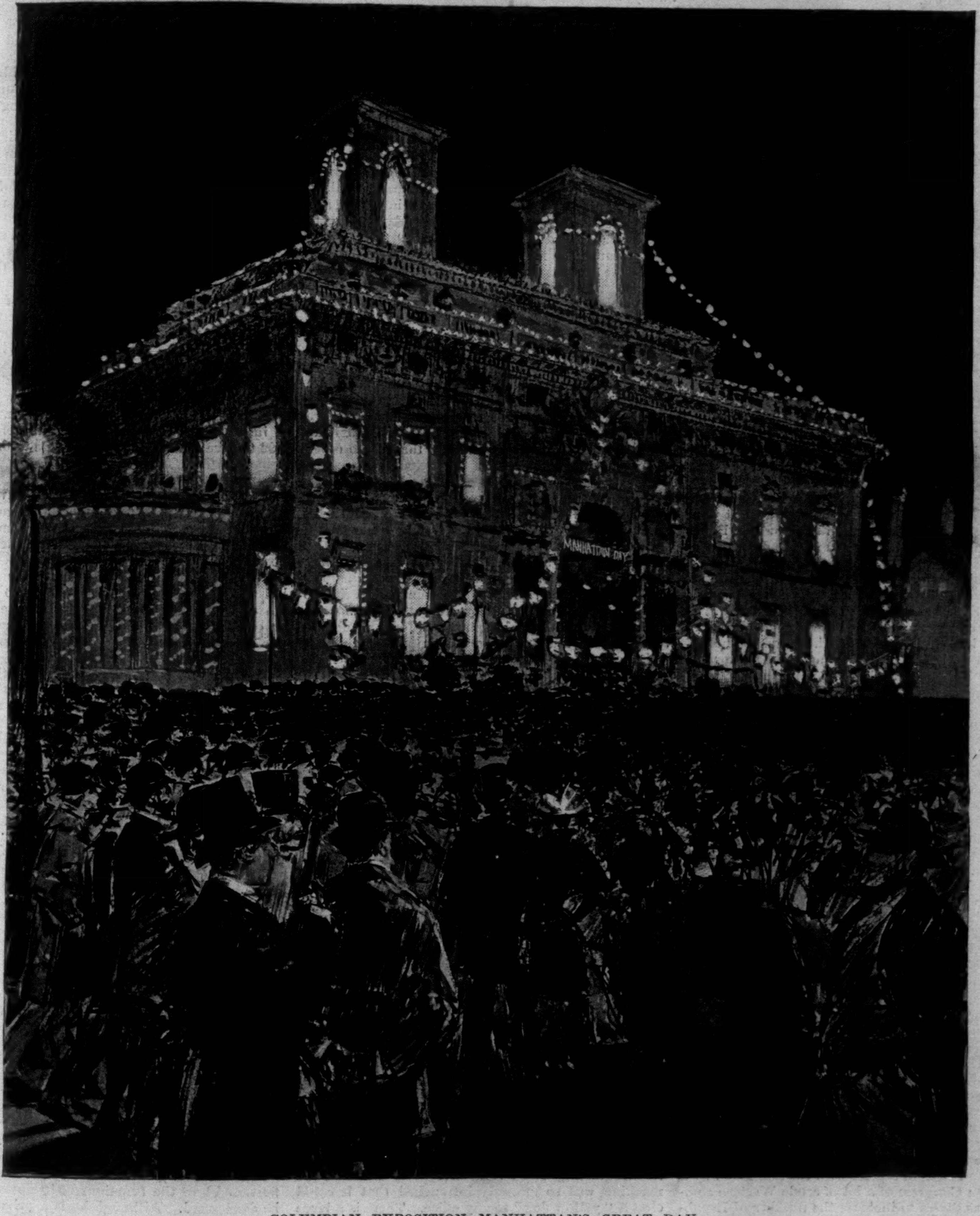

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—MANHATTAN'S GREAT DAY.

The Illumination of the New York Building.—Drawn by Childe Hassam.—[See Page 1062.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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INDEPENDENCE IN POLITICS.

It seems to afford infinite amusement to Republican writers and speakers to see the independents who last year supported Mr. Cleveland for the Presidency, and entertained high hopes as to the results of his election, greatly disappointed in some of their expectations. They take especial delight in reminding the independents that they were told so beforehand, and that they would have served the interests of the country as well as their own comfort much better by trusting the Republican party, to which most of them originally belonged.

We admit the premise, but utterly deny the conclusion. We admit that the appointment of Van Alen as Ambassador to Italy was a most inexcusable act, fraught with infinite mischief in its teachings and effects. But this grave offence committed by a Democratic President was no worse than the offence committed by a Republican President before him in appointing Mr. Wanamaker to a cabinet place. We are very far from saying that the appointment of Mr. Wanamaker by President Harrison in the slightest degree justifies or excuses the appointment of Mr. Van Alen by President Cleveland. On the contrary, it ought to have served as a warning example. But we do say that the appointment of Mr. Van Alen does not in any sense mitigate the offensive character of the appointment of Mr. Wanamaker. While greatly disappointed at the most reprehensible conduct of the Democratic President, we cannot reproach ourselves for not having supported for reelection the Republican President, who had done exactly the same thing, and whose conduct we would have endorsed and sanctioned by voting for him. As to the respective attitudes of the two parties with regard to this matter, we may even say that the advantage is on the Democratic side, for while the appointment of Wanamaker was accepted by the Republican press and the party generally without censure, as an altogether justifiable and proper thing, the most vigorous condemnation of the Van Alen appointment came not only from independents, but no less from a large number of Democrats. There is therefore in this no reason why the independents who last year supported the Democratic candidate for the Presidency should wish to have voted for Mr. Harrison.

But there is a very positive reason, referring to a similar subject, why the independents of our way of thinking would, in spite of all that has happened, not wish to have voted for Mr. Harrison. It is that Mr. Harrison represented the high-tariff policy, which, in its effects, promotes the purchase not of offices but of legislation with money. Demoralizing as the bestowal of office is for money contributions to the party chest, the making of laws in consideration of money contributions is infinitely more demoralizing. The election of Harrison and of a Congress to match would have meant the continuance of this as a system. For the abatement of this morally as well as economically pernicious system the election of Mr. Harrison's opponent has at least furnished a promising chance. Those who conscientiously abhor the vicious practice exemplified by the appointment of Van Alen are likely still more to abhor the systematic purchase of legislation inseparable from the McKinley policy.

That the Republican party in its composition is, on the whole, sounder with regard to the financial question than the Democratic will be admitted. But this, too, must be taken with a grain of allowance. The so-called Sherman law, which has caused so much trouble, was a Republican measure, enacted not, as has been pretended, to prevent a much worse measure largely supported by Democrats from being passed—for that, as is well known, might have been defeated in the House or by the veto of a Republican Executive—but in order to throw a sop to the silver States. The Sherman law was essentially a contrivance of party politics. It was of a piece with all those compromises made with the free coinage people by the Republicans to win the silver States for the Republican party, but which had the effect of encouraging the mining interest to a more and more aggressive policy and to more and more exorbitant demands. It was of a piece with the admission by a Republican Congress of a lot of crude Western communities as States to increase the number of Republican votes in the electoral college and in the Senate, every one of which votes, as the Republicans very well knew beforehand, increased the difficulty of passing sound financial legislation through Congress. It was Republican demagogy that made the silver craze a really dangerous power, and nothing could be more significant than the circumstance that the most active and persistent leaders in the fight against the repeal of the silver-purchase act—Teller, Wolcott, Jones, Stewart, Dubois—were Republicans, not Democrats.

The Republicans must, therefore, not expect independents readily to accept their pretension that if the Republicans had been in power the repeal of the silver-purchase act would have been easily and promptly accomplished. Granting again that among the rank and file of the Republican party there is more strength as to sound financial principle than among the Democratic rank and file, yet the Republican politicians in Congress have until recently always treated the silver question from the point of view of party advantage, and thus increased the mischief. Besides, the opposition to repeal would have been just the same, and the obstruction in the Senate led by Republicans just the same, while the powerful influence of Mr. Cleveland, which has unquestionably served greatly to reduce the strength of the silver sentiment on the Democratic side, and has finally become decisive, would have been absent. We think, therefore, that with the Republicans in power the chances of a prompt repeal of the Sherman act and of sound financial legislation would not only not have been better, but possibly worse, than under existing circumstances.

The Republican partisan will probably call this Democratic talk. This is a mistake. The partisan mind seems to be utterly incapable of appreciating the motives guiding the political course of the independent. To the regular partisan all objects within the realm of politics are things Republican or things Democratic. To the mind of the independent they appear as things that are right or things that are wrong, beneficial or hurtful to the public interest, no matter whether they are labelled Democratic or Republican. The regular partisan considers the success of the party as an object of first importance. The independent cares only for the success of principles and policies, no matter what party or what men may be incidentally benefited by it. The regular partisan shapes his political course strictly according to the party precepts, so as to remain always within party lines. The independent pursues his objects as to principles and policies upon a straight course; and as the boundaries of existing parties with regard to such principles and policies, political, moral, and economic, are somewhat crooked and indistinct, he will cross the line of one party at one point and that of the other party at another point, supporting or opposing one or the other as the public interest may seem to demand. The partisan says that the government is carried on by parties, and that a public-spirited citizen will therefore make himself most useful to the State as an active member of a party. This is true when parties are in their normal condition, that is, when they represent well-defined and harmonious principles and policies with regard to the principal problems of the times. But when they are not in this normal condition, when each of them stands for some objects that are good, and others, equally important, that are bad, and when, moreover, they are divided within themselves with regard to these objects, and when the bosses of different parties are often in collusion for public spoils, then it is of high advantage to the public interest that there should be citizens who, at the sacrifice of their own political fortunes, throw the weight of their influence for whatever is good and against whatever is bad, no matter which party advocates or rejects it. This is the office performed by the independents. The partisan sneers at this as political vacillation and inconstancy. We call it moral consistency of the highest order, and the service thus rendered a patriotic service. That it is such has been clearly demonstrated more than once, and may be demonstrated again.

THE MACHINE AND THE COUNT.

There is no intelligent citizen of the State of New York who doubts the possibility of defeating Isaac H. Maynard if the coming election be fair, and if the Republican opposition be sincere. The difficulty in the problem is that the machine does not intend that the election shall be fair if there is any possibility of Maynard's defeat. As to the Republican opposition, Mr. Platt's seriousness is more than suspected.

Very few of the people of this State realize that their condition is one of political thraldom. And yet they are so much under the yoke of the machine that its power will never be broken without a general revolt amounting to a political revolution. One of its most distinguished victims recently said that the machine was so strongly intrenched that it could elect a "yellow dog" to any office. There is a large grain of truth in this suggestion, and it would be absolutely true if the qualification should be added, if the virtuous people of the State did not rise up against it with practical unanimity.

The machine has intrenched itself in the laws of the State. Its creatures at Albany, in obedience to the order of the bosses, have amended the statutes to give the latter command of the primaries and of the count in three of the largest and most important cities in the State. Most of this work was done in 1892, at a time when the anti-snappers were threatening the supremacy of the machine in the Democratic party. The leaders were afraid that the organization would be wrested from them by the Democratic voters, a majority of whom they knew were opposed to them. Therefore the primary law was changed. Under the then existing statute a primary election was presided over by inspectors chosen by the votes of the party at a previous primary. The inspectors, as a rule, were machine men, but the anti-snapper movement was making inroads in their ranks, and therefore the office was abolished by the Legislature. In place of the inspectors the new law provides that there shall be a chairman of the primary, whose selection is controlled by the chairman of the town committee, who is the head of the local branch of the State machine, which in turn is governed by Edward Murphy, Jun. Under certain circumstances this chairman must appoint tellers. But the opposition to the machine has no chance of success in a primary duly organized under the law of 1892. So long as the machinery works, it is bound to produce machine-made candidates.

The machine did not rest content with fixing its power over the party organization. It undertook to guard against defeat at the polls by giving to its own people the control of inspectors of election. It had been the law in New York city that four inspectors of election, two from each of the leading parties, should receive and count the votes in each election district. In order to avert the danger of possible fairness lurking in this state of things, the machine reduced the number of inspectors to three, and so arranged the law that the Police Commissioners must appoint one Republican and two Tammany inspectors. No Democratic faction can be recognized except that polling the largest vote. Consequently Tammany is safe from any assault by Democrats. It controls the nominating machinery and it counts the votes. The Republicans who are chosen as inspectors are often men who are quite willing to acquiesce in anything that Tammany does.

The machine also seized upon the election machinery of Buffalo. The Mayor of that city was a Cleveland Democrat. The Police Commissioners appointed inspectors of election. Two laws were passed in 1892 to give control of the inspectors to the Sheehan element. The first gave the appointment of Police Commissioners to the Mayor, Comptroller, and chairman of the Common Council. The Cleveland men got rid of one of the two obnoxious appointing officers, and the machine's Legislature promptly passed a second statute, giving the Comptroller alone the power of appointment.

Troy was likewise turned over to the machine. A bill similar to the Troy law relating to Cohoes was passed by the Legislature, and was vetoed by Governor Flower because the change of the appointing power in the latter city would have given the control to the Cleveland Democrats.

The machine is thus in command of the power to defeat the will of its party and to cheat the people at the polls. It is therefore the machine and not the people who govern New York, who choose its officers, and who make its laws. If it wants a Maynard for judge, it can nominate him, and if necessary count him in. And this shameful state of things will continue until civic virtue revives in the Empire State.

HOW CROKER RULES.

Richard Croker governs the city of New York. He does not do it through the suffrages of the people. His rule is not acquiesced in by the intelligent and virtuous citizens of the metropolis. He is not a recognized officer of the city. Not a single ballot has been cast for him. He is not responsible to the people whose affairs he administers. He cannot be punished for neglect or wrong-doing. And yet, in this republic, whose officials are supposed to be the chosen representatives of the people, he is a potentate as much removed above the reach of his subjects as an African chief.

He rules by the consent of an organized band of public enemies. He is the imperator selected by the pretorian guard of law-breakers and their timid or assenting accomplices, who, in ordinary affairs, pass for good citizens. If he should become as dangerous to individuals as Commodus, or as virtuous as Pertinax, he might not be physically removed, but he would certainly be deposed. In the mean time he rules the city. He decrees who shall fill its offices, and how the functions of its government shall be discharged. Although he is a private citizen, as head of his pretorians he receives part of the public revenues, paid to him in various ways, by assessments and subscriptions of those who carry on the details of the city government on his behalf, and who are protected by the police and the "Hall" in their conduct of businesses that are not favored by the law.

Richard Croker's autocracy exists by reason of the interests of banded vice. If it were not for the gambling-houses and pool-rooms, the liquor shops with side doors, the dens of infamy where youth is debauched, Richard Croker would be impossible. But because it is for the interest of violators of the law to organize and to control the city government, Richard Croker is practically the head of our police force, of our District-Attorney's office, of our charities, and our institutions of correction. He whispers into the ears of our judges, and they do his bidding. He orders his men at Albany to make a law, and they make it. His power extends to Washington, and one who knows what Croker wants with respect to pending Federal legislation can tell how a majority of the city's Congressional delegation will vote. His power is such that if he desires he may tax corporations out of existence, bestow franchises upon his favorites, withhold the law from the criminal, and pursue the innocent with merciless malignity.

It may be said that there is no proof that he is guilty of such wrong-doing. The sufficient answer is that he has the power, and that he owes the power to an organization many of whose members are deeply interested in violating, or at least in avoiding, the law. The ticket which is now before the people of this city, misnamed Democratic, is filled with the names of men selected for office by Richard Croker. When they are elected, the officers of this city and county—executive, administrative, and judicial—will be Richard Croker's obedient slaves. That one of them who disobeys his slightest whim will lose his political existence.

And yet this vulgar, ignorant, despotic autocrat may be dethroned if the good people of New York will resolutely assert themselves. When they see fit to rise up against this rule of one man, they will be able to re-establish their republican form of government.

WOMEN WHO RUSH IN.

Mr. Walter Besant has lately been bold enough to express the opinion that there are some fields of enterprise that women are not absolutely incompetent to enter, which, nevertheless, it is best that they should leave to men. "For women," he says, "to take men's work from them is the most disastrous thing that can possibly happen, especially in a small country, for it halves the wages and lowers the position of the workers, and it drives the men out of the country or forces them to compete with women at lower pay. It deprives men of their wives and women of their husbands." This is a familiar objection, and one not without gravity. If there are to be families in the land, it is better that a man should get two dollars for a day's work, and share it with his wife, than that a man and a woman should each work and each get a dollar. It is a matter of common observation that the woman who can earn a dollar a day shrinks from marriage. She can live more comfortably and neatly on her own earnings than as the wife of a man who earns ten or twelve dollars a week, and the mother of his children. One would not venture to take away any work she has at present in order to cure her aversion to marrying. That would be too desperate a remedy. But without suggesting any narrowing of her present boundaries, it is permissible to recognize that the invasion of a new field of labor by womankind is not a clear gain even to the invading host. A part of the immediate gain of the women is the loss of the men, and it is not putting the case too strongly to say that a man is one of the most convenient and valuable possessions an American woman can obtain, and it is doubtful whether she can afford to cheapen him by her competition to such a degree that he will cease to seem a desirable acquisition. It is not hard to spoil a good servant by persistently doing his work. The raw material for husbands is liable to the same sort of damage, and far-seeing women will try to shape their conduct so as not to contribute to its degeneration. There are women, no doubt, who would make good locomotive engineers or efficient stokers on steamships, but we should be sorry to see them attempt to share the wages of those callings with the men.

So also there are fields of enterprise in which wages are not earned and departments of unremunerated knowledge in which it is of doubtful wisdom for women to show activity. The Women's Christian Temperance Union is an exceedingly enterprising organization, and is believed to do a great deal of good. Nevertheless, when eleven representative members of the branch of it which flourishes in Nebraska undertook, on the night of October 21st, to tar and feather six girls, it seems probable that they allowed their zeal to lead them into a sphere of activity which is not really suited to their sex. They were not ignorant women. The newspaper report calls them "society leaders," and avers that they are all stanch church workers and "among the most charitable ladies in the city." The husband of one is employed as president of a bank. The conduct of the six girls had impressed them unfavorably, and on reflection they felt that they ought to be stripped, flogged, and reclad in feathers and tar.

So they lured the girls to a convenient place, and proceeded, in so far as they could, to do their duty by them. But in that lay their mistake. It is a laborious job to tar and feather a stout young girl, and when it has to be done at all it is clearly a man's work. It demoralizes the men of a town when their women folks voluntarily attempt such tasks. Nothing would be more natural than for a bank president whose wife had been up all night at a tar-and-feather party to argue that she must have a preference for hard labor, and allow her to carry up her own coal in the morning. Man's self-respect is a sensitive thing, and needs careful handling if it is to be kept in an efficient state. For women who have able-bodied husbands at home to turn out personally at night and tar and feather a lot of girls is no sort of a way to promote good discipline in the family.

A mistake of the same sort was made on the same night by seven members of the same widespread and famous organization in the city of Chicago. Seven ladies from Indiana felt it their duty to make a personal inspection of the immoralities of the immoral women of Chicago, and learning that there was more immorality on view on Saturday night than on other nights in the week they engaged four detectives, who took them on a round of visits to places proper for such inspection as they wished to make. They ascertained, it appears, among other things, that many immoral women in Chicago smoked cigarettes and drank beer and other intoxicants—facts which, as one of them said, "are of great importance in our crusade against strong drink and tobacco, for they showed that the use of either may lead to fearful results." No doubt such information will be useful to the seven ladies in their reformatory work; but five of them had husbands, and it seems to us that if the husbands had been driven out on this disagreeable errand, and compelled to make eye-witness reports to their wives, all the ends desired would have been reached, and family discipline promoted in the bargain. It has been customary to regard such sorts of investigation as men's work, but if women rush in to undertake it, their husbands are only too likely to abandon the field. Thus one more burden will be transferred to the once-called weaker sex, and one more responsibility will be shifted from the enfeebled shoulders of the males.

Take care, ladies. Man is a useful creature when wisely trained. But there is no work so difficult or so dirty that the average erring man will not leave to his wife to do if she shows the ability to do it and the conviction that it is her duty.

A SMALL WHEEL OF THE TAMMANY MACHINE.

As election-time approaches it becomes an interesting question as to what action the Commissioners of Charities and Correction of New York will see fit to take regarding the adult male paupers in the institutions under their charge. Hitherto it has been customary for the "organization" leader to whom an institution was politically intrusted to canvass the hospital wards for potential voters some time before election, and to properly "colonize" them if the canvass proved unsatisfactory. All patients who were able to make any show of doing work about the ward—though it were only to hold a broom—were given the option of voting as directed or leaving the institution. Some who had not been naturalized were taken down to one of the judicial mills that grind out "citizens" with such astonishing celerity shortly before election (thirty naturalizations in seven minutes being among the records, we are told), and provided with "papers" in the way known only to the initiated. These new citizens, along with their companions of longer standing, including in one institution two or three higher-grade idiots, were then marched to the polls to register, and subsequently, on election day, to record with their ballots unanimous approval of the candidates of Tammany. In return they received institution privileges, and usually a dollar or two in money, and a few drinks of whiskey in addition, the latter in particular appealing to them, as nearly all owed their pauperism to an uncontrollable appetite for alcohol.

Of course the minor details of these transactions were not arranged by any one in high official place. Such is not the method of practical politicians, local or general. But details aside, the voting of inmates of these eleemosynary institutions was not only known to the Commissioners who control them, but provided for and in an indirect way ordered by them. The fact that a plain statutory provision denies the franchise to inmates of such institutions did not trouble our Commissioners in the least until last year, when two of them—one a high sachem, and the other a ward scout in the ranks of Tammany—were arrested shortly before election-time for their alleged direction of these frauds, the third being spared that he might be forced to testify against his companions. The Commissioners did not deny that they had taken active measures looking to the enfranchisement of the inmates in question, but went on to affirm, with much show of injured innocence, their conviction that these persons were perfectly entitled to vote. How sincere they were in this position was shown on the night before election, when, apparently after a conference held at the eleventh hour, they directed that these "citizens," whose registration they had approved, should abstain from voting. These registered inmates were, according to the contention of the Commissioners, free and independent citizens, yet they could at will be ordered not to vote. The citizens, in turn, demonstrated the degree of their freedom by complying unquestioningly with the order. Thus in one election district was Tammany deprived of about a hundred votes that had been safely counted in advance; and the leader of that district, whose lieutenant had engineered the registration and counted the noses—that is to say, the prospective ballots—is said to have taken the matter with very bad grace indeed. Being himself a candidate for a high municipal position, he was naturally desirous of making the best possible showing in his own district, hence he could not be expected to view the matter with equanimity. But the Commissioners, though having the very best reason to wish to please him, apparently dared not act otherwise than as they did at the last. Whether they will have more hardihood the coming election remains to be seen.

DR. KEELEY ON ALCOHOL.

It was held by sundry learned physicians who attended the Anti-Alcohol Congress that was recently held at The Hague that the moderate habitual use of alcohol is better than total abstinence. A number of accomplished doctors agreed that as much as an ounce and a half of alcohol taken daily with food did the body no physical harm, and enabled the consumer to do more work with less fatigue than he could without it. Nobody drinks alcohol and scarcely any one drinks anything else by ounces. But whiskey is about one-half alcohol, and an ounce and a half of alcohol reduced to terms suited to the popular understanding means about four fingers of American whiskey, or two or three glasses of claret, or maybe a couple of pints of beer. So much these learned gentlemen say a man can drink, day in and day out, and live on unimpaired.

Dr. Keeley, the sagacious inventor of the Keeley cure, comments in the New York *Sun* upon these conclusions of his European brethren. His animadversions are interesting. He does not deny that an ounce and a half of alcohol can be emptied daily into an average man at his meals without doing him physical damage. It is true, he says, that the temperate use of alcohol has not been proved to be hurtful to the nations of Europe, but that, he says, is because no European nation has ever used alcohol temperately. There is no such thing, he says, as habitual temperate drinking, except by a small class, in any of the enlightened nations. The temperate class he finds to be made up not of people who habitually drink in moderation, but "of those who very occasionally take a drink."

Yet he agrees with the doctors of the congress that the enlightened nations are the liquor-drinking nations, and that enlightenment and inebriety seem to go hand in hand. He accounts for it by the curious theory that alcohol has developed man, not as his friend, but as his enemy. Man, he thinks, grows strong by fighting rum, just as he does by fighting cold, hunger, wild beasts, and enemies who wait to kill him. There is little or no development unless there is a strong stimulus to activity. As soon as a nation gets advanced enough to use alcohol the fight with it begins, and nations with really good stuff in them thrive on the combat.

So they thrive on wars; but war is a costly remedy for sluggishness, and after nations have reached a forward state of advancement the necessity for providing them with the stimulus of battles grows less. So presently it should require less alcohol to keep their powers of resistance in an active state; and as for prescribing daily alcohol in moderation for a healthy people, Dr. Keeley thinks that is as unnecessary as to prescribe an occasional duel because wars are a part of civilized history. Such, he says, is the effect of alcohol on the will that a general prescription of an ounce and a half of alcohol a day would make drunkards of six people out of every eight who took it. And thereupon he says a curious thing. There are, he admits, moderate drinkers, and even moderate drinkers who drink habitually; and there is a method in making them. For by the operation of the laws of natural selection the descendant of generations of inebriates may come to have inbred in his system such a tolerance of alcoholic poison as to be able to drink alcohol moderately without getting drunk and without acquiring a craving. Thus after many years of the general consumption of alcohol every nation can furnish a class who can drink alcohol moderately, and perhaps even continuously, without much personal inconvenience.

It does not behoove the laity to pass judgment upon Dr. Keeley's statements, or to declare in what degree they are sound, but at least they are suggestive, and even edifying, and even a layman can say whether or not their conclusions accord with the results of his personal observation. It will generally be admitted, for example, that the practical acceptance by a miscellaneous lot of experimenters of the conclusion that it is a good thing to drink four fingers of whiskey daily with one's meals would result comparatively soon in an extremely promising crop of drunkards, and that in spite of the fact that there are people who can and do drink that amount year in and year out without appreciable detriment.

There is solace, too, as well as edification, to be derived from what Dr. Keeley says. At first sight it would seem as if there were no more useless and detrimental person than the man whose only really congenial occupation consists in emptying alcohol into himself and his associates. But in the light of Dr. Keeley's theories it is possible to see that even such persons have their part to perform in facilitating human progress, and that the necessity of repelling their overtures and avoiding their example makes for the development of sanity and fortitude in their fellows.

But one perplexity at least is aggravated by Dr. Keeley's suggestions. He seems to hold that the descendants of intemperate persons are better fortified against rum than the offshoots of a sober ancestry. What, then, is a young man's duty towards his possible grandchildren? If he abstains, does he abstain at their future cost? Would it be grandfatherly conduct on his part to drink deep in order that their potations may be comparatively harmless? Perhaps so; but one could wish that this point might be further elucidated, and in particular that it might be ascertained whether the copper-fastened descendants of inebriates are as good at other things as at absorbing rum. To wreck one's viscera and blight one's own promise for the sake of grandchildren whom liquor could not hurt might be like running a good ship ashore for convenience in landing its rats. The most prudent way, no doubt, would be to wait until one's descendants are actually in sight, and then, if ever, to be reckless. But then it would be too late for them to inherit any benefits. The old way is the most practical—for the grandfather to accumulate the money and the grandsons to drink the alcohol, and the results to take care of themselves.

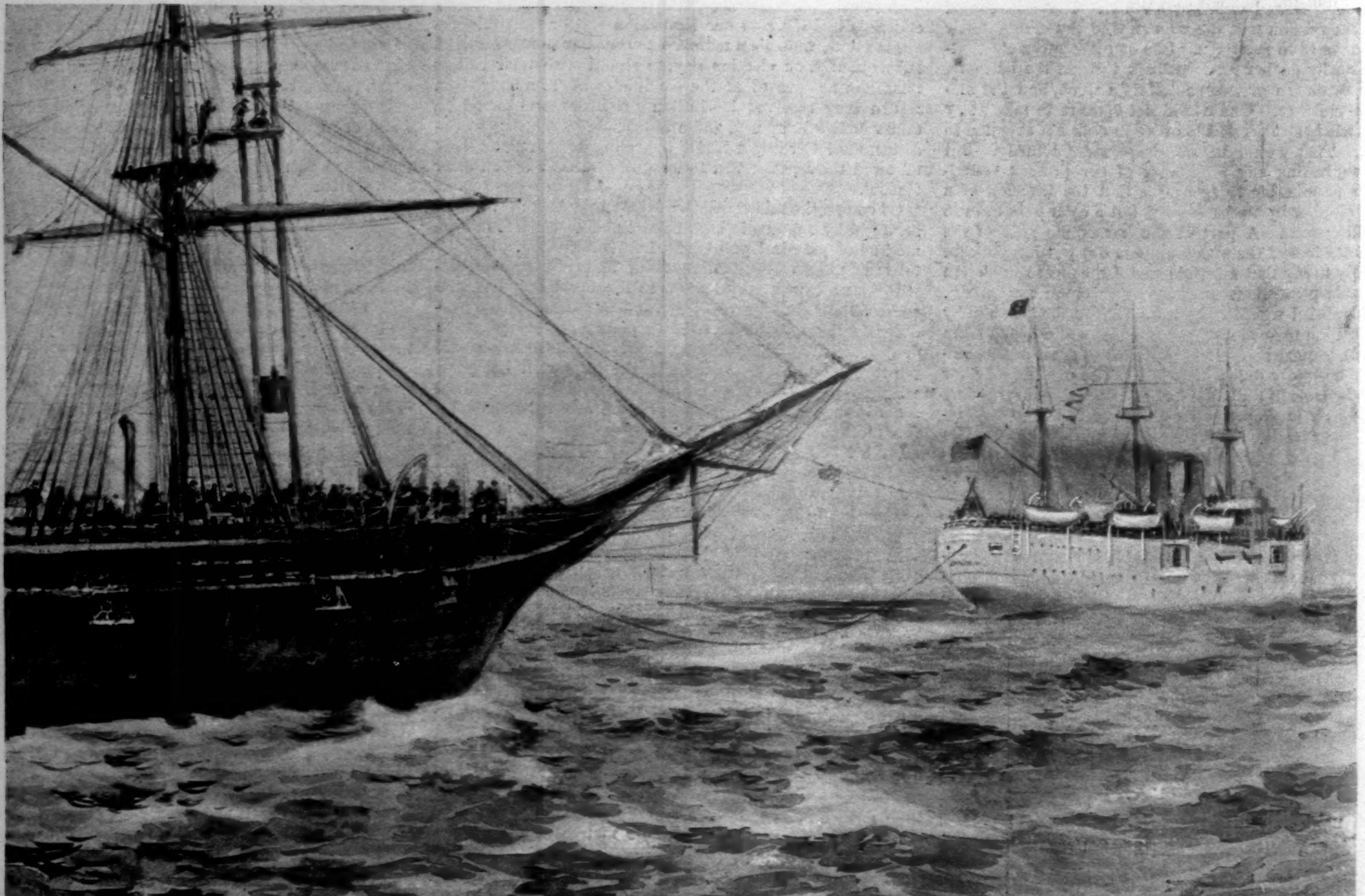
MR. EMIL PAUR,
The new Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.
[See Page 1051.]

THE LATE GENERAL THOMAS L. CRITTENDEN,
A gallant Kentuckian.—[See Page 1064.]

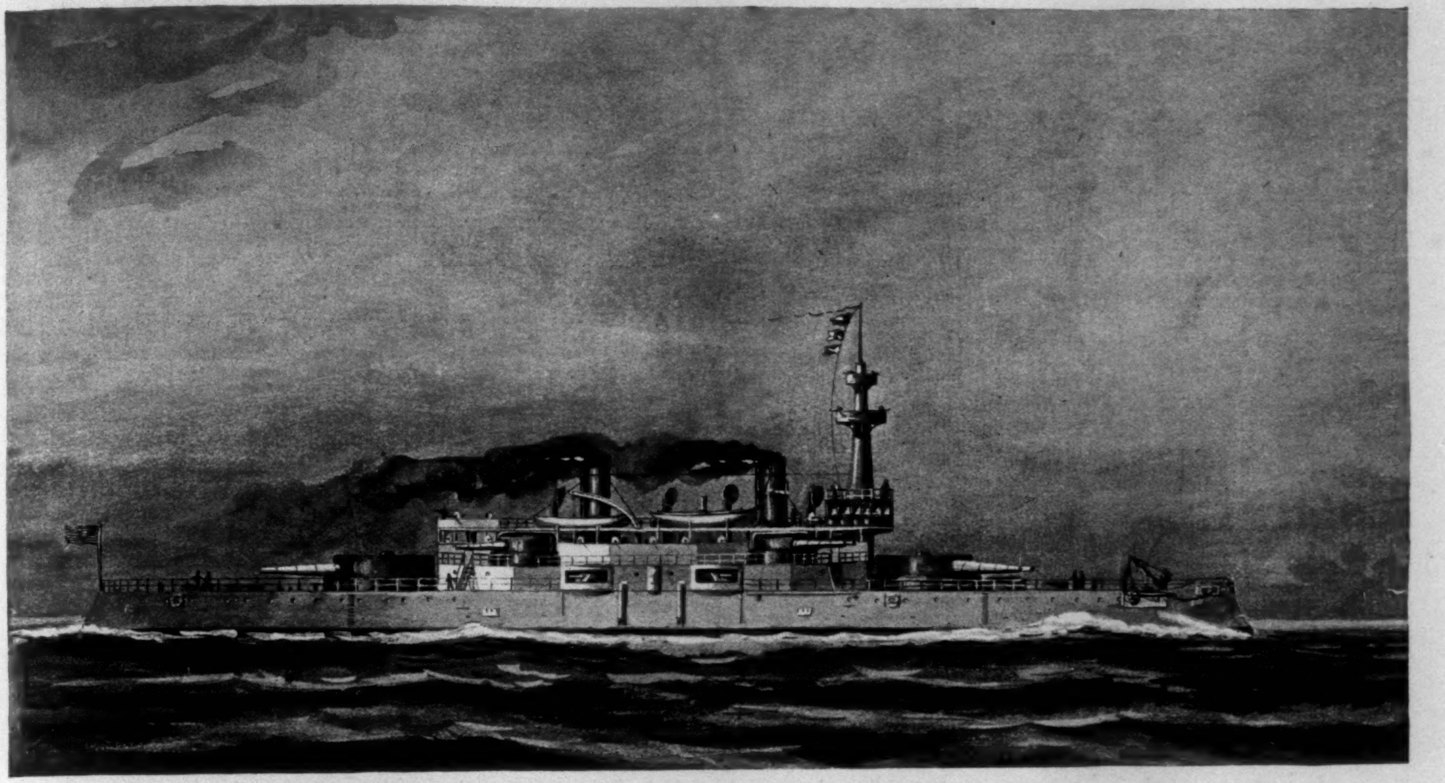
THE LATE DR PHILIP SCHAFF.—[See Page 1062.]

MACHINE-MADE VOTERS.

There is no phase of the business of the politicians—of the men who make their living or their fortune by politics—more pernicious or more perilous to the community than the naturalization of voters as it is now carried on. All parties are more or less involved in the guilt, as all parties, under the corruption of the spoils system, give scope to the business politicians; but in this State Tammany Hall is the organization that has carried this outrageous work to the worst extreme. The leaders have reduced it, as they have the distribution of spoils, to an elaborate system, with the energy, discipline, and efficiency that system alone can maintain. The object is, of course, to make Tammany votes with the greatest certainty and despatch, with little regard to expense, and none



COALING AT SEA.—Drawn by Carleton T. Chapman.—[See Page 1062.]



THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "OREGON."—DRAWN BY ROBERT G. SKERRETT.

The "Oregon" was launched October 26th. The picture shows her as she will appear when completed.—[See Page 1064.]

whatever to the safety, dignity, or purity of the body politic.

The process is nearly the same in all cases, and is of a cynical simplicity. The raw material for a voter is discovered by a Tammany agent, brought to the court, drilled in the answers likely to be asked by the judge, supplied with a witness to swear to his required residence, etc., his fees paid, and then, by the connivance of the Court, is "put through," and emerges at the last a legal voter of the State of New York.

From beginning to end the work is a crime against representative institutions, for in the great majority of cases it results, and is intended to result, simply in the manufacture of a purchasable vote. From the moment that the ward worker starts out to find his Italian, Russian, Pole, or Irishman, to the moment that the judge passes the applicant for citizenship to the clerk to take the oath forswearing allegiance to his former sovereign, every step is disgraceful.

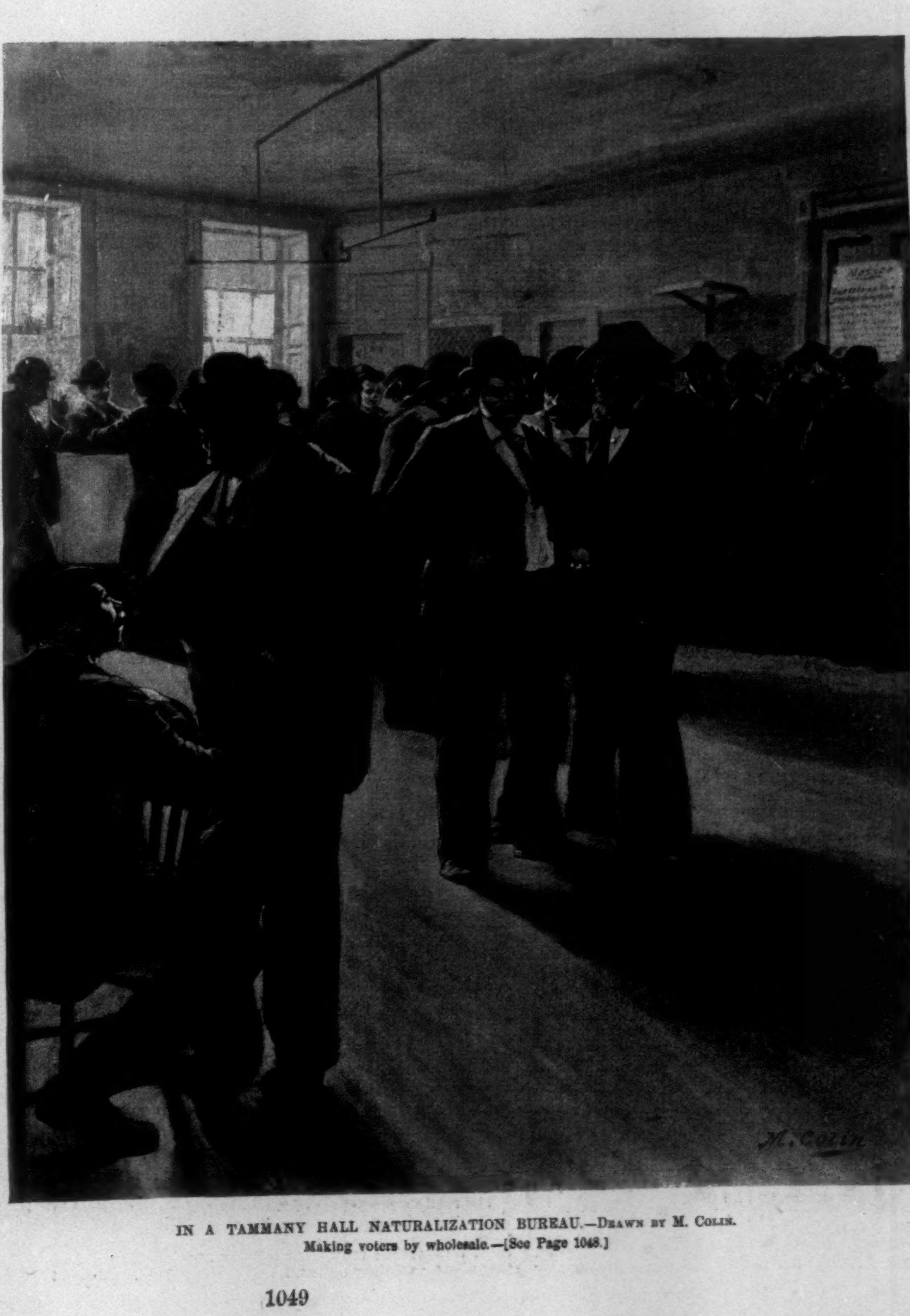
But when all is said and done the worst offence and the greatest disgrace fall to the charge of the judges, because it is with them that the power lies to stop the whole business, and to bar out every man who is not clearly and affirmatively proven to be fit for the privilege of the suffrage.

The law requires that "it shall be made to appear to the satisfaction of the Court admitting an alien that he has resided within the United States five years at least, and within the State or Territory where such court is at the time held one year at least, and that during that time he has behaved as a man of good moral character, attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same."

This is the old-fashioned, dignified language of the early days of the republic, the law being a little over ninety years old. It gives an almost unlimited discretion to the judge, who may decide for himself what will satisfy him as to the requirements which the law imposes. As a matter of fact, the law is directly and explicitly violated, for the mandatory declaration that certain things "shall be made to appear to the satisfaction of the Court" is distinctly disobeyed when the Court is satisfied with absurdly defective proof, or with none at all.

Now it is notorious that aliens are constantly admitted to citizenship with the merest sham of inquiry as to their knowledge of, to say nothing of their attachment to, the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and with even less evidence of their behavior for the five preceding years as men of good moral character.

Doubtless the system is much better in the United States Courts than in the State Courts, but it is far from what it ought to be in either, and the fault is not in the law so much as in the judges who outrage the law.



IN A TAMMANY HALL NATURALIZATION BUREAU.—DRAWN BY M. COLIN.
Making voters by wholesale.—[See Page 1048.]

TRIGGS' CAT.

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

I'VE now come from seeing Soper. He is an utter fool, with a sort of undercurrent of cunning—just enough cunning to overreach himself, don't you know. And that is what he's done with me. But he laughs best who laughs last, and I laughed last.

I'm not one of those stupid chappies who pretend the world's an empty egg-shell, and that everything's been done, and there's nothing new, and nothing to see or learn or profit by. I'm always open to new ideas, and like to understand things as I go along. People think I'm an awfully narrow-minded, empty-headed johnny; but I'm not.

I may as well write this story out while I'm in the vein and have the details all fresh; but I don't for a moment suppose you'll believe it, because nobody ever believes anything nowadays, don't you know. It's bad form.

Well, I came down to breakfast one afternoon just as chippy as could be—reduced to the last stages of chippiness, in fact. I shuddered even at the sight of dry toast; and if dry toast makes you shudder, then you're properly chippy. My man Symes removed a loathsome omelet, and suggested a fragment of kippered herring and a brandy and soda. Symes knows what it is to be chippy himself; but his is a mere animal chippiness, don't you know; mine's mental.

There were three letters on my table. One was pink and scented with "Cherry Blossom"; the second came from my tailor; the third—the really important one—from Triggs. I burnt the pink note without opening it. What's the use of reading worrying letters when you're chippy? But I studied the tailor's letter, because his communications always amuse me. This was a fac-simile of many others I have had from him. My tailor is a mean hound, don't you know. He tries to get sentiment into his accounts. He whines and whimpers, and, I believe, drops water about on his bills to make me think he has been crying over them. As to the missive from Jimmy Triggs, it was short and simple. He wanted me to go down and shoot birds and things, and stop a week or two at his place in Surrey.

I laughed. We were within a week of the new burlesque at the Gaiety. My stall was booked; the gardenia I should wear was already in bud somewhere; and yet Triggs wrote thus. But still, at another time, I should have humored Triggs and run down, because I was mentally chippy, as I said before, and I wanted tone.

The thing had weighed heavily on my mind for a month. It's quite too extraordinary the number of things a chappie's mind will hold at one time, don't you know. Mine's simply crammed with ideas about yachts and plays and racing and money and society and clubs and the Services and politics and religion—yes, really—and, of course, girls.

Girls get into every johnny's mind. They wriggle in, God knows how, and you can't keep them out. Chappies have gone in for being monks and hermits, and lived in caves, and given up society, and sat and moped, like eagles at the "Zoo," don't you know, and worn hair shirts next their skin, and teetotalled and starved, and kept a skull to talk to when they felt depressed; but it's been no good. They've only chucked themselves away and lost their chance, and got horribly self-righteous, and wasted their lives, and missed being family men. Every johnny ought to go in for being a family man, don't you know, after a certain time in life. But the thing is to find the right woman. It's better to keep single than start being a family man with the wrong girl.

A girl was worrying me, and had been for an age. To explain the thing I must go back a bit. I'm a fairish judge of a girl, don't you know; and when I met Edith Marchant I got very keen over her from the first. I told Soper about it at our club, "The Vampires." Soper's a fool, and hasn't any depth, but sometimes he'll say a good thing, even a wise one, by accident. I know he's a liar, and would sacrifice his best friend on the altar of a joke; but Soper daren't play it low down on me, because I know a thing or two about Soper that isn't generally known, don't you know.

He said: "My boy, she's engaged at present to a chappie in the War Office; but that's nothing; she isn't very much gone. Cut him out. Marry her, by all means. It's a fair deal. She has beauty and brains; you have coin."

Soper is a vulgar little cad, but there's often a grain of sense in what he says. I pointed out that I loved her, as far as I could judge, and that true love casteth out all baser considerations of talent or beauty. He replied that he didn't know anything about love, but that he knew a great deal about Edith Marchant; and he reckoned I might go in and win, hands down, if I cared to. He also felt sure that Edith was weary of the War Office chappie, because he knew the chappie, and the chappie was rather sick about it.

He said: "She'll spend your money, you bet, and go the pace. But she's meant to shine pretty high up. She'll drag you to the top of the social ladder if you'll let her. You'll get your money's worth, anyhow."

Well, I proposed one day, after she'd told me in so many words it was right off with the War Office. I put it quite plainly, down at Hurlingham. I said I was a johnny neither better nor worse than other johnnies, but, if anything, better. I told her I liked her awfully—loved her, in fact; and that if she thought it good enough, it would be too immense, don't you know.

She said she thought it was good enough. I never shall understand what she saw in me. It may have been my cravat—an old-gold silk with a diamond in it; it may have been my button-hole—gelder-rose and verbena; it may have been my mustache, or my money; it may have been all these things taken together; but, anyway, she said it was good enough. I remember the words:

"Haven't you seen that I love you? Why, dearest, I love as I have never loved or thought I could love. It's not money I want, but love. I'll make you a good little, true little wife; and I thank God for bringing such happiness into my life."

I laughed, don't you know. It was rather a jolly sort of thing for a chappie to hear a girl say. And yet I found myself wondering all the time what she'd said to the War Office johnny.

A month afterwards, at the Podbury-Percivals', I kissed her, among their chrysanthemums; and my eye-glass fell out of my eye and hit her on the nose. Then she laughed, and invented a nickname for me, which I shall not repeat here. It was what writing johnnies call a sort of idyl, don't you know—love's young dream, and all that.

But the worst of it was that, owing to my awful idiocy, love's young dream got off the rails before we had been engaged a month. I ought to have married her instantly, before we could change our minds, because I still think we were meant for one another. Instead of that, I couldn't get the War Office chappie out of my head, and I proposed we should wait six months, to see if our characters suited one another. It struck me that if they didn't, it would be better to find it out before than after, don't you know.

Then the thing that made me so awfully chippy happened. I had never doubted myself for a moment. I worshipped Edith, and felt that life would be a hollow tomb without her. No; my fear was that she, who had tired of the other joker, might possibly weary of me too. Well, she didn't weary of me; but I actually found myself getting a bit tired of her. It was frightfully rough on a chappie with my sensitive nature to discover a thing like this. I couldn't understand it. The old fascination gave place to an absolute indifference. The girl was just as affectionate as ever, but I didn't want to marry her nearly as much as I used to. In fact, I didn't want to marry anybody.

I went down and saw Soper. He is one of those inspired idiots who will sometimes help a cleverer man than himself. Besides, he had known the girl before I did. But still Soper is no judge of a woman.

I told him everything. I analyzed my emotions, and simply dissected myself that Soper might know all the facts. I said, "Now, what on earth is an honorable johnny to do?"

He was good enough to say he would think it out for me.

"What's become of the War Office joker?" I asked. "Could we have him back into the hunt again?"

But Soper happened to know he'd just married money.

So I left him to think it out for me. Three days later—upon the afternoon I received the letters already mentioned—I was to meet Soper again and get his ultimatum. Some of the boys stopped me as I ascended our celebrated marble staircase at the "Vampires," and one and all declared that death was written on my face. I knew they were right, too. I felt that if I didn't go away pretty soon and get tone, I should be lost to them.

Hang it all, life isn't worth living if you're going to get aches and agonies. And mental agony is the worst sort. People don't think I feel things deeply; but I do, don't you know. I get horribly down, and have little blue devils dancing all over me, and hanging out of my tie, and swarming up the gold chain of my eye-glass, and swimming round and round in my brandy and soda, and sitting astride on my cigarette. And when it's a girl, of course it's worse.

I found Soper in the smoking-room. Soper's appearance is simply paltry. We haven't got a footman who couldn't give him any weight and beat him. He parts his hair at the side and wears a ghastly beard and arranges boxing-matches. He fusses about, and hasn't any repose or bearing or style; and when he gets excited, his sharp black eyes look different ways—a thing I hate. I fancy there's a bit of Jew in Soper's blood, because he always has his knife into Jews; and he's a regular Shylock after money.

Soper said: "There's only one thing to do—you must let her down gently. Leave town and write her a letter. Say you feel you are not good enough for her, and will never be able to make her really happy, and all that stuff. She jilted one man; it's only poetic justice another man should jilt her."

Soper is a vulgar little johnny, and doesn't understand girls, chiefly because they utterly bar him; but still, there seemed to be some reason in what he advised, though he didn't put it like a gentleman.

So, after all, I accepted my friend's invitation to shoot things. I gave my stall for the new burlesque to Soper; I cared not who wore the gardenia that was growing somewhere for me; I turned my back on the metropolis, and sought out the sylvan retreat of Triggs, that I might there recover tone and get into a condition of robust health before writing to Edith Marchant.

I'm a soft-hearted beggar, and a letter once posted, like a lie once told, is beyond control. I thought all this carefully out in the train, and determined to do nothing in a hurry. People think I don't think; but I do, don't you know. I'm a hard thinker. Because a chappie's sucking the handle of his walking-stick, or looking at himself in a mirror, it doesn't follow he's not thinking.

Concerning Triggs, I will merely say that he is the right sort. Some johnnies are like light-houses, don't you know: brilliant and glorious to behold, and bursting with brains, and full of great and tremendous ideas. You admire that sort of man, because you know he's a million times wiser and cleverer and more celebrated than you ever can be. You admire him, but you don't like him; you don't want to know him, and get chummy with him. You feel he's not your sort, and you don't care a groat if the brilliant johnny comes to grief or dies to-morrow. But other fellows are like wood fires—ruddy, cheerful, pleasant. You won't get much light from them, but you'll get any amount of warmth. Most chappies want warmth, not light; and you can warm yourself at a wood fire, but not at a light-house, don't you know.

Jimmy Triggs was a wood-fire kind of man—always full of sympathy for jokers in a fix, and a wonder at getting hidden troubles out of anybody. Though I'm a devilish secretive chappie as a rule, yet I always find myself talking openly to Triggs. He's got the trick of getting confidences; and yet I don't see why he should, because he's an awfully blunt, sledge-hammer sort of johnny, and says just what he thinks. The third evening after my arrival, Triggs and I dined alone, and when we had done he tackled me. He lighted a cigar and poured out a glass of port, and put his feet up, and said:

"Now drop the sublime, old man, and take that thing out of your eye, and try and be human for once. What's bothering you? Tell me all about it, and if I can give you an idea I will."

Then I laughed, don't you know, and told him all about it, as he suggested, and explained the painful nature of the position. He said:

"There isn't a shadow of reason for breaking it off—not a shadow. You feel there isn't yourself. You've lots of sense, only you go and bury it under all this d—— nonsense and affectation. You say she's a good woman; then stick to her. They're not so common. Go back and marry, and come down here and live in the country, and take up something rational. Grow roots, or study artificial manures, or breed cattle—anything. But take my tip: give up this knock-kneed, hollow, masher foolery, and settle down, and begin to realize that a man with your fortune owes something to the community."

Of course no chappie living has a right to talk to me like that, but I can stand anything from Triggs.

The really strange part of it was that, since my arrival in the country, I had begun to seriously doubt if I had rightly gauged my emotions in the matter of Edith. I couldn't put them into words; they were shifting and indefinite. And that night, as Triggs talked, I half fancied that I still cared a little for the girl, after all. I knew one thing: she was the only woman who ever understood me. For I'm a deep johnny, and take more understanding than people think. The longer I reflected upon the subject of Edith, and the longer I listened to Triggs, the firmer grew a determination in my mind not to decide too hastily.

Meantime I shot things and recovered tone. Of course, mentally and intellectually, Triggs is nothing. Men who live all their lives among domestic animals, and who retain effete Tory principles, and only read the *Times* and the *Field*, cannot be said to have their hand on the pulse of the hour, don't you know. Conservatism with Triggs has become simply a disease. Talk about heredity! Why, Triggs is his father over again, and his grandfather and his great-grandfather; and he glories in it. His unfailing answer to every objection or suggestion is this:

"Change? Why? It was good enough for my ancestors. I'm no better than they were. What's the use of changing?"

So, amongst other atrocious habits, he turns day into night, and retires at ten o'clock, and gets up at half past six, or some godless hour of that kind. You must try and fall in with a faddy johnny if he happens to be your host, so I proposed a compromise between my hours and his. If he'd split the difference and gone to bed at two or thereabout, and risen at eleven or so, I would have said nothing; but no: his ancestors went to bed at ten (at least, he fancies they did); what's the use of changing?

The weather chanced to be fine and warm, so when Triggs retired I generally strolled out into the grounds and smoked and turned over ideas. My host had a grand garden, with a ghost's walk in it, and a fish-pond and other luxuries. Here I walked by night in moonlight while Triggs slept. I wandered by the lake and heard the fish splash, and saw great silver circles widen dimly out in the water where they had risen. I listened to the owls uttering weird cries; and, from high above, the ripe horse-chestnuts would come suddenly bumping down, with a rustle through the autumn leaves and a thud on the ground, breaking the deep silence of night. The ducks kept respectable hours too. When they saw me they would hurry with loud nocturnal quackings across the lake. A duck will eat at any or all times.

And here I am on the threshold of my mystery: Triggs' cat. We met a few evenings after my arrival. He jumped from the darkness one night, rubbed himself against my leg, raised two green, moonlit eyes to mine, and mewed. He was a queer johnny, and understood me perfectly. But the extraordinary thing was that I understood him. Night after night he sat by me while I smoked. I told him all about my private concerns, and he curled his whiskers and reasoned quite differently from Triggs. His idea was not to commit yourself to anything: to keep free, and "gather ye roses while ye may." For sheer worldliness tomcats come after men, with this difference, that many men are not worldly; all tomcats are.

Here, then, was Triggs urging one thing all day and Triggs' cat arguing for quite a different course by night. I sometimes wonder if any johnny, since the world began, ever deliberately asked for a bit of advice and took it when he'd got it. Personally, I'd pretty nearly made up my mind about Edith; but I'd made it up myself, don't you know, quite unaided. So, again and again, the worldly cat with green eyes took his midnight stroll with me. I asked him, as we perambulated the ghost's walk, if he had ever seen the spectre. He replied that he had not, and didn't believe in it. I didn't either. I don't fancy that when men die they simply go through some process of being made transparent, and then get sent back here to worry people and spoil the value of house property. When I go to heaven (if I go), and I find I'm expected to return and maunder round and haunt chappies, I shall argue it out, don't you know, and explain what a mistake it is.

The longer I stopped with Triggs, the more I yearned to get back to Edith. There was no doubt about it: I loved her all right—in fact, more than ever. I felt I really couldn't live without her. She was in my mind's eye all day long, and I heard her voice as I paced through the tremendous silence of the night. At such times I contrasted the silver mists, rustling leaves, soft nocturnal voices, black shadows, and air of mystery and solemnity and peace that filled Triggs' place after dark with the scenes of London life I knew so well. I saw the Strand and my "Vampire" johnnies trooping out of their haunts. I saw the gleam of electricity and the glare of gas. I heard the roar and rattle and rush and hustle and bustle of it all, don't you know, and I almost doubted if it was really good enough. People don't think I'm a sentimental chappie, but I am; and nearly every night, as Triggs' cat and I watched the moon dip behind the trees, I got grand and beautiful ideas, which I might have remembered and written down on this page, but for the absorbing thought that filled my mind and left no room for anything else to stop in it.

One night, indeed, my feelings became too much for me. I repeated her name three times out loud, and looked up through my eye-glass, and waved my cigarette at the moon. Thereupon Triggs' cat sneaked over from the other end of the garden-seat, where he was sitting, and stood up on his hind legs and poked his nose in my ear, and said,

"Put her out of your mind; give her up; forget her."

And the ducks quacked out, "Go back, go back, go back to her."

And an owl hooted, "Of course, go back; of course, go back."

Triggs' cat advised me not to mind the owl. He knew what owls were; he'd eaten them. They weren't worth climbing for, and their knowledge of the world was infantile.

Then I laughed, and told Triggs' cat that his advice was useless, that I'd made up my mind, that I was going back to her. I wanted to marry, and get away from electric lights and noise. I desired to buy a place with trees, and owls, and a ghost's walk. But even in that moment, when the happy idea of having Edith all to myself, in an environment of fish-pond and ghost-walk and owl, was strongest upon me. I heard Triggs' cat sneering cynically, and saying:

"Remember the War Office johnny. The girl wouldn't stop in a place like this a week. Don't flatter yourself *your* company will be all she wants. If she's what I think, she won't care a straw about owls, except as fire-screens; she'll want life and society and a thousand things."

I was getting irritated with Triggs' cat, and this finished it. I said,

"You clear out, you hard-hearted, misanthropical beggar, or I'll pitch you into the fish-pond."

He looked round, blinked his green eyes, and grinned at me.

"Go your way," he said; "only don't pretend nobody warned you. They're all alike. I ought to know. *Every-*

thing that's feminine is feline; therefore a cat understands women better than men do."

With which observation he took his leave; but I could still hear him chattering wickedly to himself, and cleaning his claws on a tree stem hard by in the darkness.

Next morning I told Triggs I was going back to her, and asked him if he heard of any old country place like his in the market to let me know. I also advised him to have his cat shot. The cat was there at the time, and just looked up, and then folded in his paws and yawned, and went to sleep again. For by day he's an ordinary, unintelligent brute enough. It is only by night he gets so demoniacally awake and clever and satirical. So I went back to town, dying to see Edith and hear her voice and feel her little hand. My chippiness had entirely departed.

D'you know the *Corinthian?* It's a snappy print, and the mouth-piece of the Vampire Club. I read it in the train just to get in touch with the world again, for I'd been buried alive a week. It didn't seem as smart as usual, and the jokes struck me as just a shade broad; but that was the fresh atmosphere of Triggs' place still hanging about my mind, don't you know.

Edith's eyes looked out of every page, and I couldn't get interested in anything but my own thoughts. At length, however, I came on to a paragraph that did rouse and chain my attention. It ran thus:

"Congratulations to cheery Fred Soper, the genial 'Vampire.' Freddy has dropped on good business to the tune of fifty thousand. Glasses round, boys."

Now, though I have said before, and will say again, that Soper's a fool, yet he has stray good points, and I'm glad to hear of this. He possessed an enormously well-off aunt, and now, I suppose, she's dead, and better off than ever; and so's Soper, don't you know.

It happened that the Vampire Club lay between Charing Cross and my chambers. I therefore dropped in, upon my way, to congratulate Soper. He was there, but somehow he didn't look too jolly when he saw me. I told him that I was glad about the money, and he said he was too, and that it would be useful. Still, he didn't appear jolly. I made sure he'd have been brimming over with "side," but he was quiet as a worm, and restless and shifty. It occurred to me for a moment that he might have lamented his aunt, though that didn't seem human nature, don't you know.

We drank some champagne; and then, feeling that though of course Soper was a little cad, and didn't understand women, and had advised me all wrong about Edith, yet I might as well tell him how my opinions had changed—I did so.

I said: "I've altered my mind altogether about E. M. I've come back to marry her. Good women are scarce, don't you know."

Soper turned blue. "Haven't you heard?" he said, faintly.

"Nothing from anybody. I'd rather fancied I should get a line from Miss Marchant, but I didn't."

"You'll find some letters waiting at your rooms," he explained.

I asked him if he was ill. Then, with a horrible effort, he said:

"It's like this. You've changed your mind again. Well, other people change their minds too. They ought to have sent on her letters and—and mine."

"Yours!"

"Yes, mine," he answered; and I saw his fat hands were shaking and his black eyes squinting like a crab's.

"The truth is, Miss Marchant felt she'd made a mistake, and couldn't live her life with you, and—and—"

"Who's the new johnny?" was all I could manage to say.

"I am," he answered, bristling up like a dog in a fight. "You needn't look like that. It's all fair in love. I didn't cut you out. You cut yourself out. Somebody told her why you'd gone away."

"Who could have? There's only one knew it."

He tried to lie to me, but the lie stuck in his throat. It was what theatrical johnnies call a *tableau*, don't you know; and I could have sworn I saw Triggs' cat on Soper's shoulder, winking those damnable green eyes at me.

Certain words flashed into my mind. I had a sort of inspiration that a chappie only gets once in a lifetime. I said:

"You asked her to marry you and your fifty thousand pounds. She looked into your face and then hung her head down. She stole her hand into yours and said, 'Haven't you seen that I love you? Why, dearest, I love as I have never loved or thought I could love. It's not money I want, but love. I'll make you a good little, true little wife; and I thank God for bringing such happiness into my life.'"

Soper turned several colors that I had never seen before anywhere. He looked at me with his mouth open and nodded in spite of himself, keeping time to the words I said. And Triggs' cat nodded too.

I laughed.

People think I've got no sense of humor, but I have, don't you know.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

PERHAPS the most important recent event in the musical world was the production of the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera at the Savoy Theatre, London, on October 7th. The amusement-loving public have reason to feel grateful that the literary and musical partnership which has given to the world such a number of works, masterpieces of their kind, and which a trivial dispute over the proper account to which a bit of carpet should be charged broke up for several years, has again begun business at the old stand. The first-fruits of this reconciliation seem to have been everything that could be wished, as *Utopia* (*Limited*), *or the Flowers of Progress*, the latest output of the firm, appears from all accounts to have scored a decided success. It seems evident, in the first place, from the accounts that have reached us of this work, that Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan have given up experimenting, and gone frankly back to the earlier methods of *Pinafore* and *Patience* both in book and music. The idea of the story is, as is usual with Mr. Gilbert, of a whimsical, satirical, upside-down, topsyturvy order. The scene of the opera is laid in Utopia, an island supposedly in the South Seas, where the King, having a pronounced attack of Anglomania, has been induced to place his royal authority and influence at the disposal of some English speculators, and the principal interest centres in the efforts of two Utopian judges to overpower the King, and replace him on the throne by an official called the public exploder, one Tarara, who is the next in succession.

It would appear that the Anglomania which besets the Utopian nation arises from the fact that King Paramount had sent his eldest daughter, the Princess Zara, to be educated at Girton College, Cambridge, whence, after taking all sorts of honors, she returns to Utopia, escorted by several Lifeguardsmen and five "Flowers of Progress" in the persons of an English Lord Chamberlain, Captain Fitz-Battleaxe, of the Lifeguards; Admiral Sir Edward Corcoran, of the Royal Navy; Sir Bailey Barre, Q.C.M.P.; Mr. Blushington, of the London County Council; and Mr. Goldbury, a company promoter and member of the Stock Exchange. There are no less than eighteen principal characters in the piece, and, like the others of the Gilbert and Sullivan series, the opera consists of two acts—the first act showing the Utopia kingdom undisturbed by Anglomania; the second act, a drawing-room *à l'Anglaise*, everybody attired in English court costume, in which the principal comedy scene takes place. This is as follows: While waiting for the Princess Zara and the other Princesses to dress, the King and his Chamberlain each suddenly draws forth from undiscovered places a straight-backed chair, on which they seat themselves *à la* Christy Minstrels; another sudden movement transforms the back of the chairs into tambourines, banjos, and violins; the County Councillor rattles a pair of bones, while the Q.C. jingles the tambourine; and King Paramount, in the centre, acts as the interlocutor. The King does a "walk-around" to an American negro break-down; and this whole scene, strongly resembling what we should call farce-comedy, is said to go with tumults of applause. Both in music and book the opera is said to bring back memories of *Pinafore* and *Patience*—more, indeed, than memories, for Gilbert writes:

"Though we're no longer hearts of oak,
Yet we can steer and we can stoke,
And thanks to coal and thanks to coke,
We never run a ship ashore."

Chorus. "What, never?"
Capt. "No, never!"
Chorus. "What, never?"
Capt. "Hardly ever!"
All. "Hardly ever run a ship ashore."

"Then give three cheers and three cheers more
For the tar who never runs his ship ashore.
Then give three cheers and three cheers more,
For he never runs his ship ashore."

This is sung to the old familiar tune by Sir Edward—late Captain—Corcoran, which certainly brings back the past with a vengeance. The opera is said to be very much up to date, which, interpreted in the light of present theatrical happenings in London, would point to the fact that it is more of a burlesque than any of the former works of these collaborateurs, and is said, moreover, to be eminently characteristic in style of both author and composer. Sir Arthur's music is said to be, as is usual with this gifted composer, at once popular and refined, and Mr. Gilbert's book is spoken of as being in his best and least savage vein. Some of the lyrics are quaint and clever to a degree. It is naturally very difficult to form an estimate of a work of this kind from the first accounts which reach us, but the concensus of opinion would seem to be that *Utopia* (*Limited*) is the best thing that Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan have produced since the *Mikado*, and being more or less frankly aimed straight at the box-office, is likely to be a great popular success. The production of the opera at the Savoy Theatre is said to be simply gorgeous, both in point of scenery and costume.

Mr. Emil Paur, the new conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, made his first bow to a Boston audience a few weeks ago, and must be accredited on the whole with having made a decidedly favorable impression. It was the pleasure of the writer to be present at the second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last week, when in a very well-selected programme, including Schubert's great C Major Symphony, a good opportunity was afforded of arriving at an estimate of Mr. Paur's ability as a conductor. The first thing that strikes one in connection with Mr. Paur is his exceeding honesty, straightforwardness, and earnestness of purpose. There is not a particle of either affectation or clap-trap about him, and it was evident at once that under his direction the orchestra is likely to lose nothing of the proud position it now occupies. Mr. Paur has a clear firm beat, leads without effort or excessive or affected gesture, has a good feeling for contrast and climax, although his effects are perhaps somewhat lacking in graduation. He is evidently a musician of refined sentiment, and one who is likely to adhere more closely to convention and tradition than to strike out new and possibly heterodox paths for himself. His reading of the C Major Symphony was sane, even, and well balanced, and while perhaps a little deficient in romantic feeling and poetry of expression, was yet not devoid of sentiment at once broad and earnest. In the second movement he gave what must be considered a decidedly effective innovation by beating in two instead of four, giving a rhythmic swing to the movement which added much to its grace and general effect. Mr. Paur may not, perhaps, be as yet a great conductor, but there can be no question that he is more than an ordinarily good one, and the sentiment of the orchestra is distinctly with him, which is a favorable indication from the start. His first appearance with the orchestra in this city, on November 8th, will therefore be awaited with much interest. A picture of Mr. Paur, from one of his latest photographs, will be found in another portion of the paper (page 1048).

One is almost tempted to believe that the same class of moralists who are shocked at *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* would be almost equally displeased with *Charley's Aunt*, now in the full tide of success at the Standard Theatre. In this play does not a godless and reprehensible Oxford undergraduate, for the purposes of unwarrantable deceit, dress himself up in women's clothes to fool and take in an unsuspecting parent, and does not this same undergrad divest himself of these garments in full view of the audience in a way most unbecoming, and calculated to give serious offence to every right-minded and respectable spinster? *Charley's Aunt* is one of the most ludicrous, laughable, healthful, merriment-giving entertainments which have been seen in New York for some years. *Charley's Aunt* was put up as a stop-gap in London for a week, and played to empty benches. Because Mr. Penley had, for the moment, nothing to follow it, he continued it a second week, still to empty benches. On the third Monday night, almost killing the entire management with surprise, the house was sold out, and this blissful condition of affairs has continued in London ever since, and seems likely to be repeated here in New York. The story of *Charley's Aunt* is slight in the telling. A couple of Oxford undergrads, wishing to entertain in their rooms two girls with whom they were in love, asked an aunt of one of them to chaperon the party. This respectable spinster failing to turn up, her place was assumed by a third undergrad, much addicted to private theatricals, from whose capable rendering of the part the various humorous complications of the piece grow. Going back to the methods of the Maddison-Morton school of farce, Mr. Brandon Thomas has with rare ingenuity and dramatic skill put together a play in which the humor grows naturally and easily out of the situations themselves. The dialogue, while it does not detract from the general effect, does not aid it materially, and although humorous characterization in two or three instances helps along the fun, many of the parts in the piece, especially those of the women, are in the ordinary way quite limp and characterless. The fact of the matter is, that although described as a comedy, *Charley's Aunt* is in reality a farce of the most roaring description; but its ingenuity and cleverness being such that it could not fail to amuse the most hardened theatre-goer, the audience bore witness to the truth of the saying, "What's in a name?" and are thoroughly contented with the dramatic pabulum provided for them. If, however, there is little in a name, there is much in the surroundings in which scenes and incidents are cast. If the same audience which attend *Charley's Aunt* were at Harrigan's Theatre, and saw Mr. Harrigan as an Irish politician "of de Eight'" pour tea into his hat, they would probably consider the action as not only unfunny, but vulgar, but the same thing taking place in a drawing-room amid presumably refined people strikes them as irresistibly comic and humorous. The result of all this may be summed up by saying, give an audience a chance to laugh without a suspicion that they are in any way bemeaning themselves or losing dignity by so doing, and they will laugh at anything and everything, and go away in a high state of exaltation and delight.

Being written for a striking individuality like Mr. Penley, who must be seen to be appreciated, *Charley's Aunt* is, to a great extent, a one-part piece, and it must be allowed that the gentleman who replaces Mr. Penley, a countryman, Mr. Etienne Girardot, after having been his under-study in England, does so in a thoroughly effective manner. He naturally copies Mr. Penley closely, but not by any means servilely, and succeeds in being thoroughly amusing in the broadest and most comical situations in a thoroughly legitimate way. Most of the other characters simply serve as feeders to the central personage, and hardly call for special comment; the Steven Spettigue of Mr. W. J. Ferguson though good is lacking in the somewhat fiery Scottish idiosyncrasies which made the part stand out so prominently in London. Go to see *Charley's Aunt* by all means, and if you go once you will in all probability go again.

Mr. Wilson's revival of the once popular *Erminie*, which now occupies the boards at the Broadway Theatre, is certainly most complete and most artistic, the stage settings and costumes being singularly tasteful and beautiful, and the whole revival marked by every care and attention to detail. While one certainly regretted that most excellent and lamented comedian Mr. Daboll as Ravenne, Mr. Wilson's Cadeaux is as humorous as ever, and is certainly one of his very best comedy creations. Whether *Erminie* will revive successfully with the public remains to be seen. It was always amusing, and even now when more than ever turned into a vehicle for Mr. Wilson's acrobatic buffoonery and clowning, it is certainly a vast improvement on the two inanities which preceded it.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

AN AUTUMNAL ROMANCE.

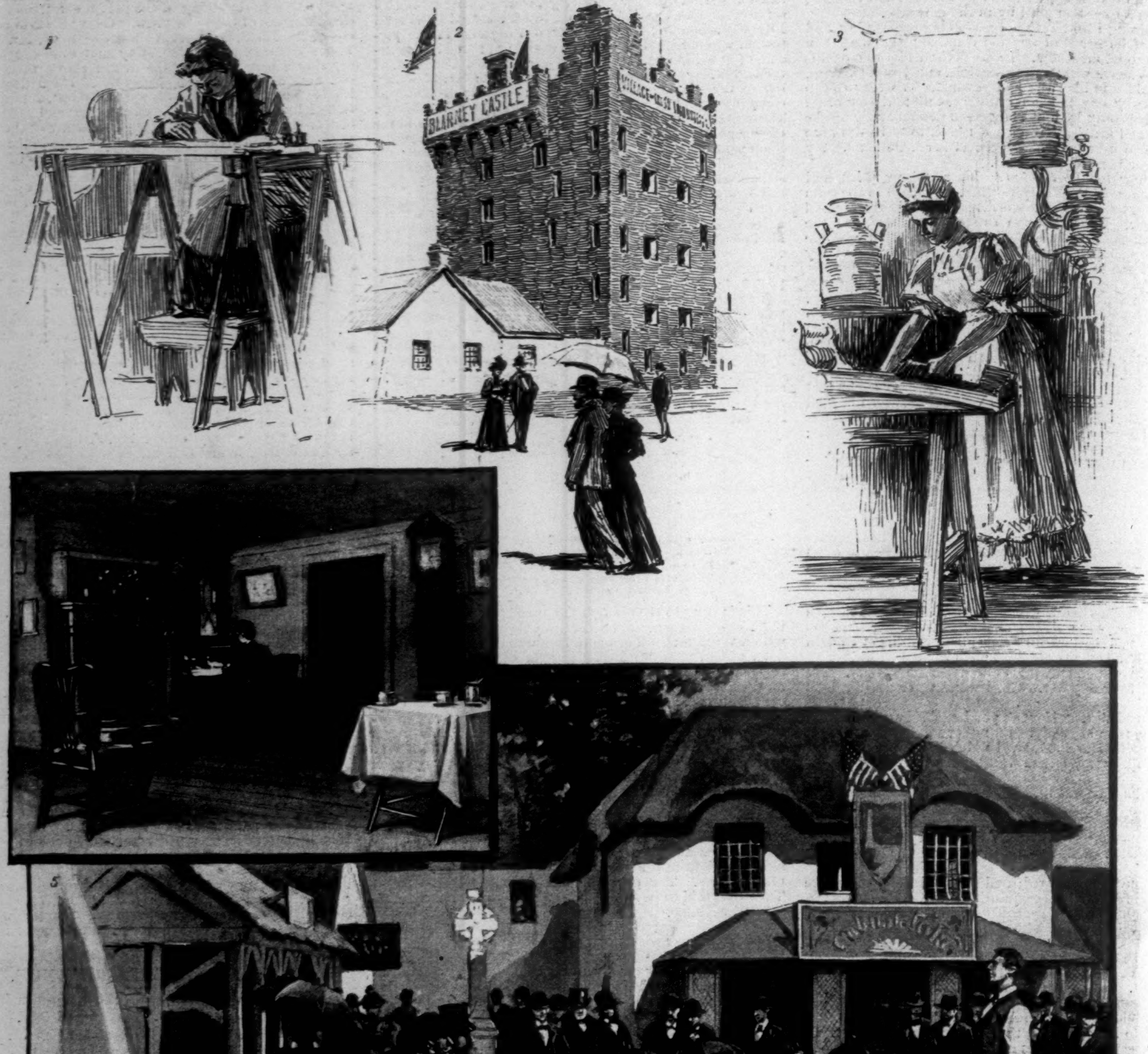
A LEAF fell in love with the soft green lawn,
He deemed her the sweetest and best,
And then on a dreary November dawn
He withered and died on her breast.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

A BRAVE VOLUNTEER.

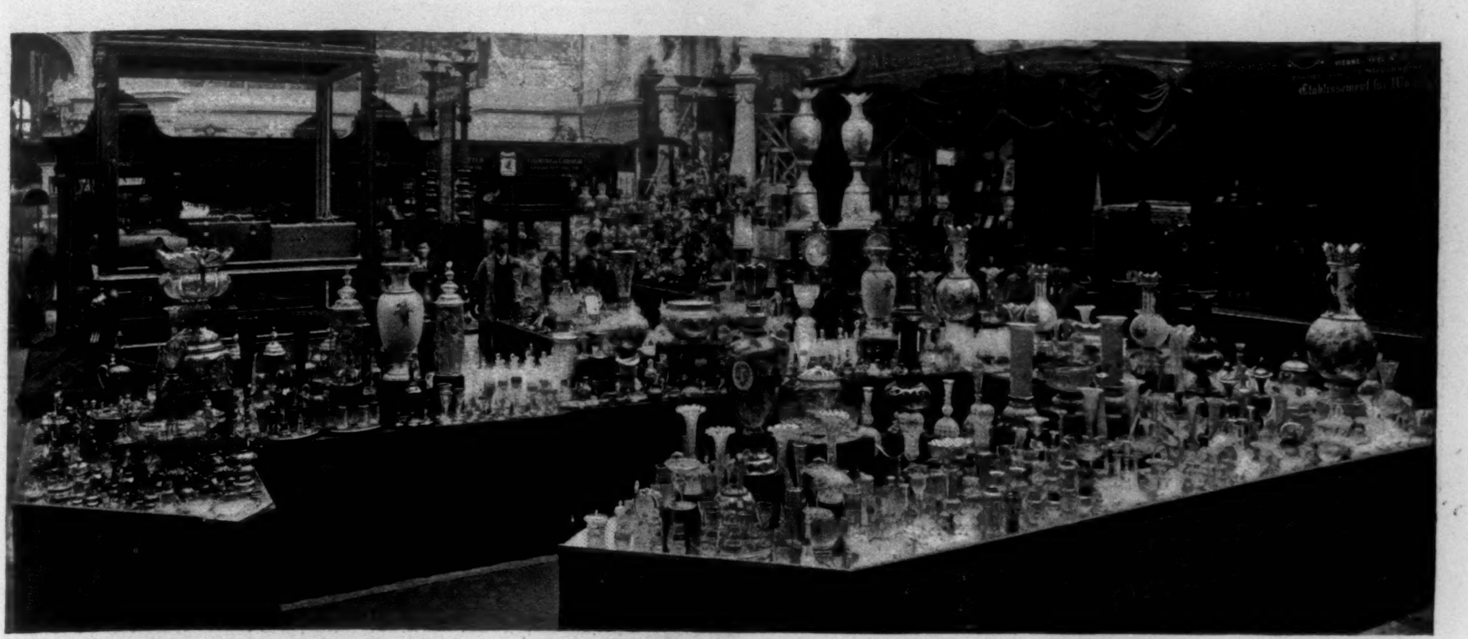
FOR some time the Naval Reserve has divided with Troop A and the Seventh Regiment the honor of being first in peace and in the hearts of its countrywomen, but a recent event has given the Reserve a claim to be considered first in war also. Indeed, there have been few more plucky acts than the rescue of a drowning man from the East River by Mr. Barter Seagrave, a volunteer member of the Fourth Division, First Naval Battalion, State of New York. Together with several other enthusiastic members of the Reserve, Seaman Seagrave has been living on board the United States ship *New Hampshire*, which is anchored off the foot of East Twenty-seventh Street, East River, near Bellevue Hospital. On the morning of October 13th, a man, with several others in close pursuit, rushed pell-mell upon the hospital sea-wall, and jumped splash into the river. Mr. Seagrave saw him from the deck of the *New Hampshire*, and instantly sprang overboard. The hospital attendants shouted that the man had typhus fever, and that Seagrave risked a double danger in going near him. The rescuer replied that he could not well save the man without going near him, and asked for a rope, which was thrown to him, and which he succeeded in fastening to the arm of the drowning man; the latter was hauled ashore, while Seagrave swam back to the ship, amid the cheers of his companions and the hospital attendants. It turned out that the rescued man was insane, and he did not have typhus fever, but the rescuer did not know that until later in the day. His bravery was the subject of a special report from his division commander to the commander of the battalion, in which Seagrave was praised not only for his courage in the water, but for his efficiency on board ship.

Mr. Seagrave is twenty-six years old, a university man and an athlete. As an example of his coolness in a trying situation, the commander of the Fourth Division of the First Naval Battalion wrote, "I am glad to report that even in the excitement of rescuing the man he remembered his instructions sufficiently well to make the line fast by a clove hitch." To save a man with typhus fever from drowning and remember to make the clove hitch is a feat the Naval Reserve is proud of.

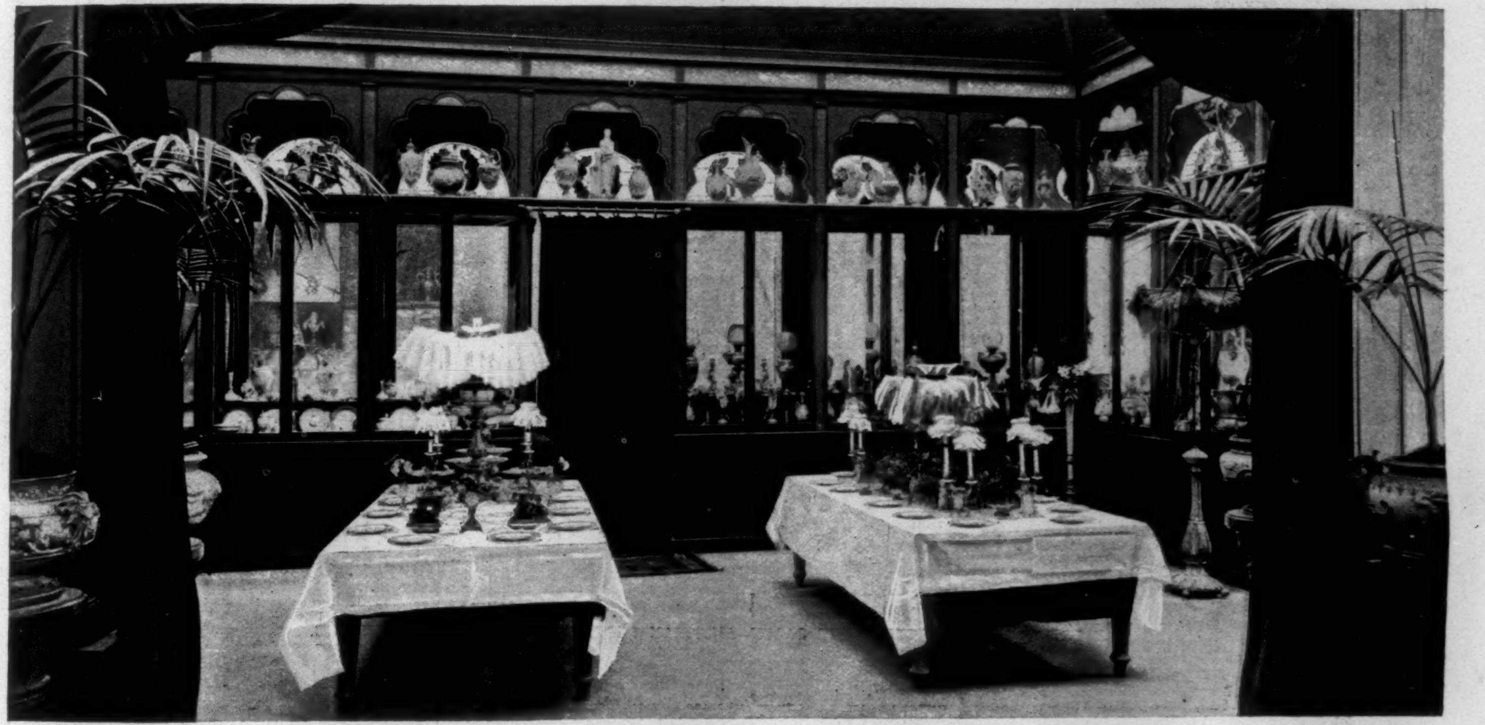

1
2
BLARNEY CASTLE
3
5
Thulstrup
C
7

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—LADY ABERDEEN'S IRISH VILLAGE.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

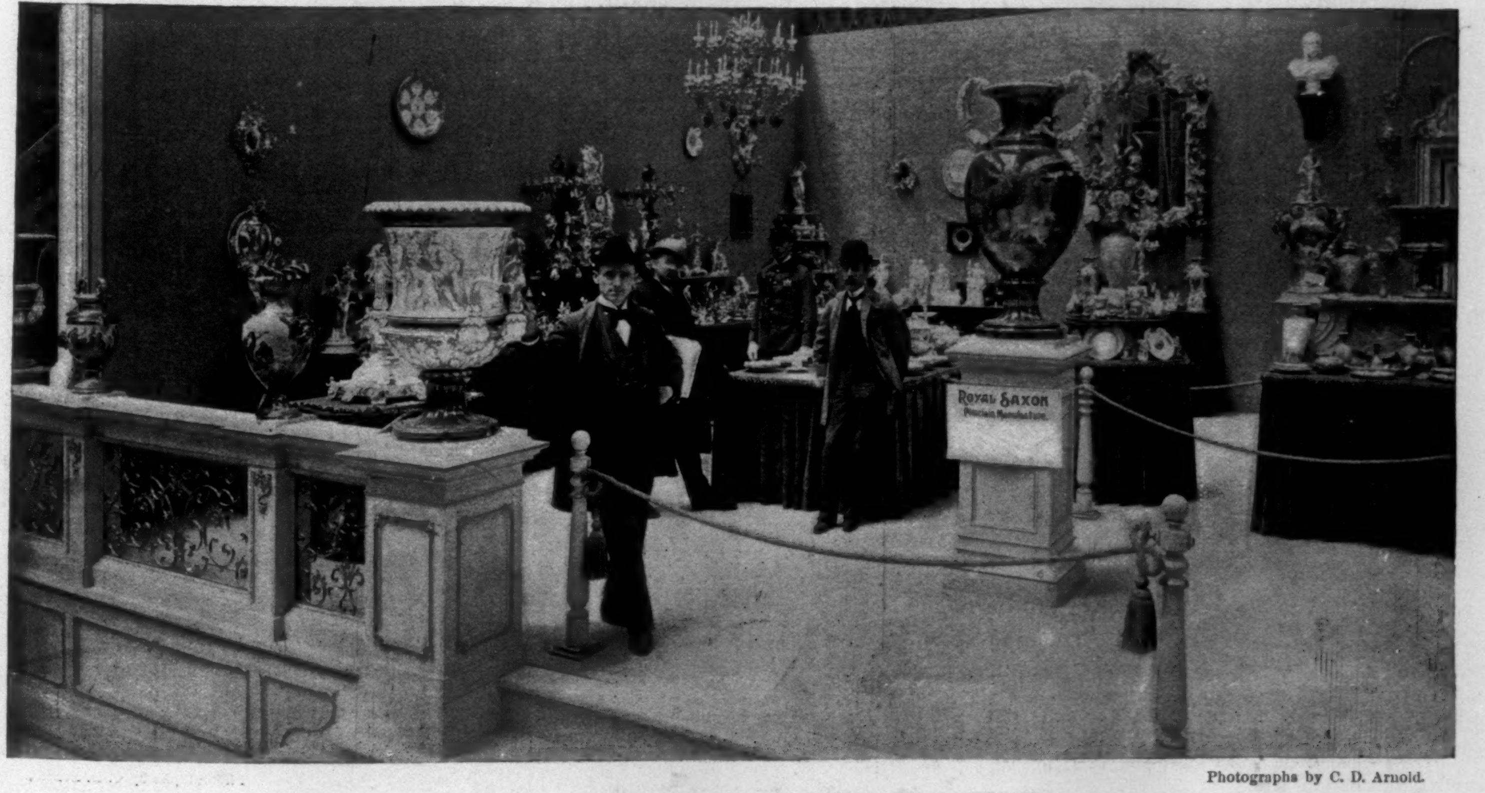
1. Making Lace. 2. Blarney Castle. 3. A Dairy-Maid. 4. A Cozy Interior. 5. A Jig in the Court-Yard. 6. Muckross Abbey. 7. A Weaver at Work.



THE BOHEMIAN GLASS EXHIBIT—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

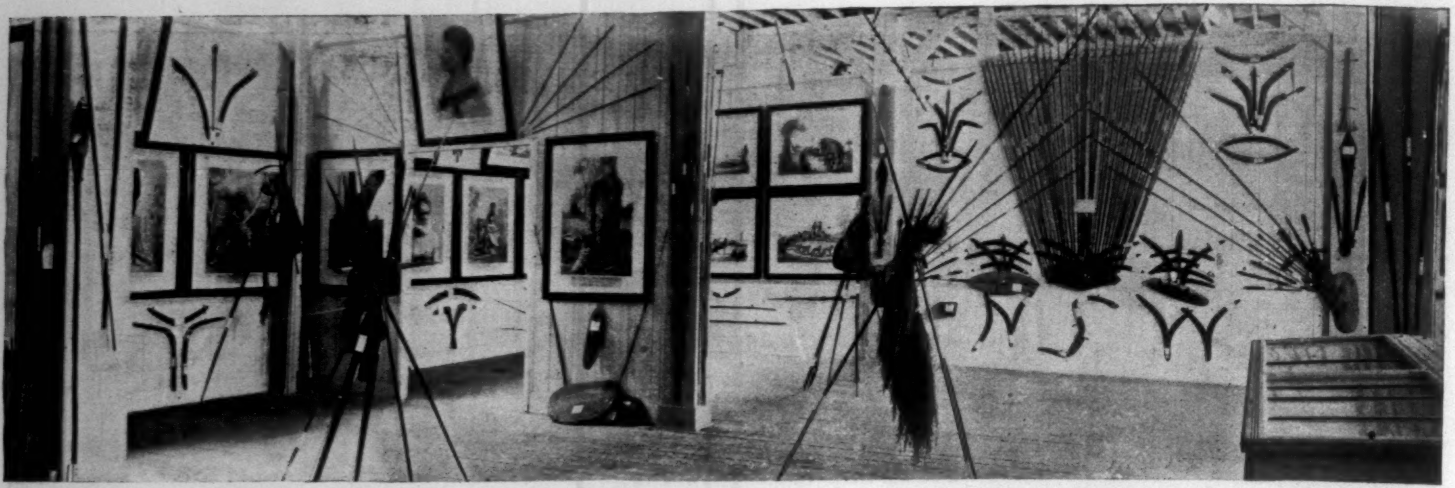


THE ROYAL WORCESTER EXHIBIT—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

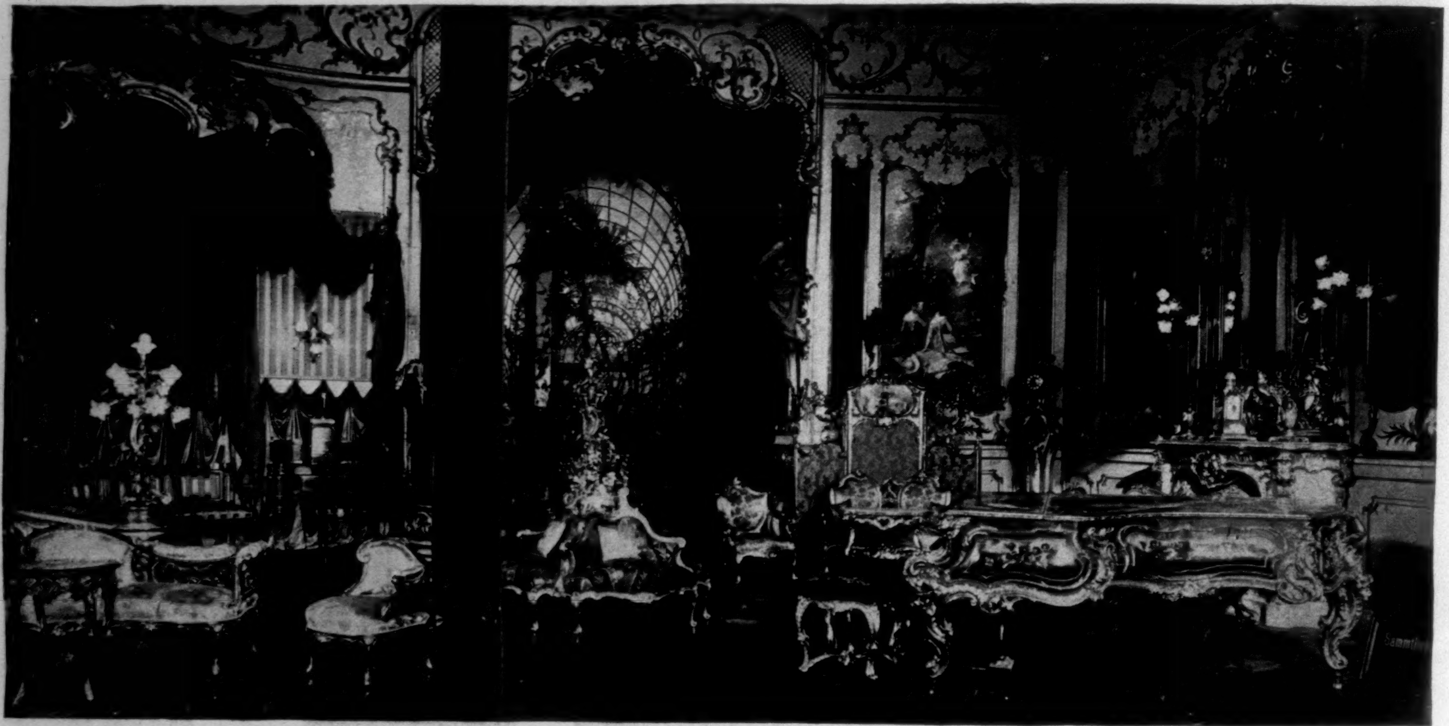


Photographs by C. D. Arnold.

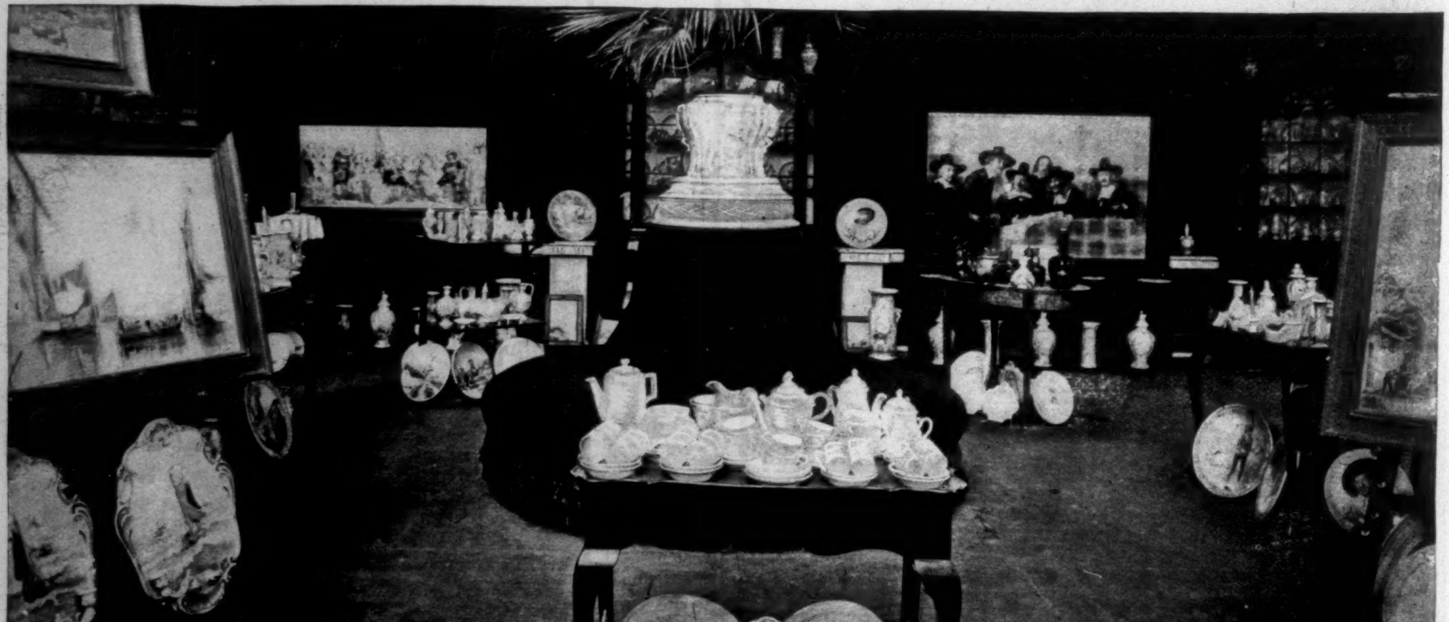
THE ROYAL SAXON PORCELAIN EXHIBIT—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.



BOOMERANGS AND OTHER NATIVE WEAPONS IN NEW SOUTH WALES EXHIBIT—ANTHROPOLOGICAL BUILDING.



THE PRINCESSE DE METTERNICH'S SALON—AUSTRIAN SECTION—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.



DELFT-WARE EXHIBIT—NETHERLANDS SECTION—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

Photographs by C. D. Arnold.

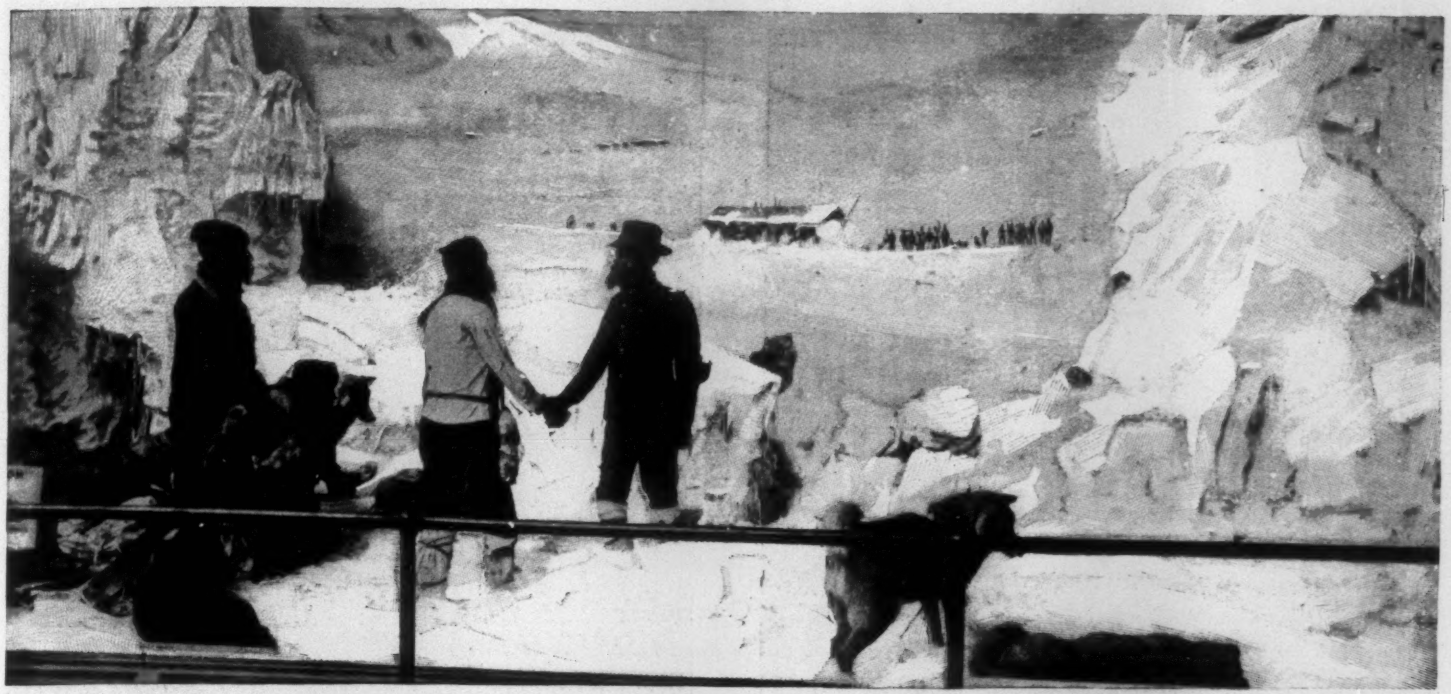
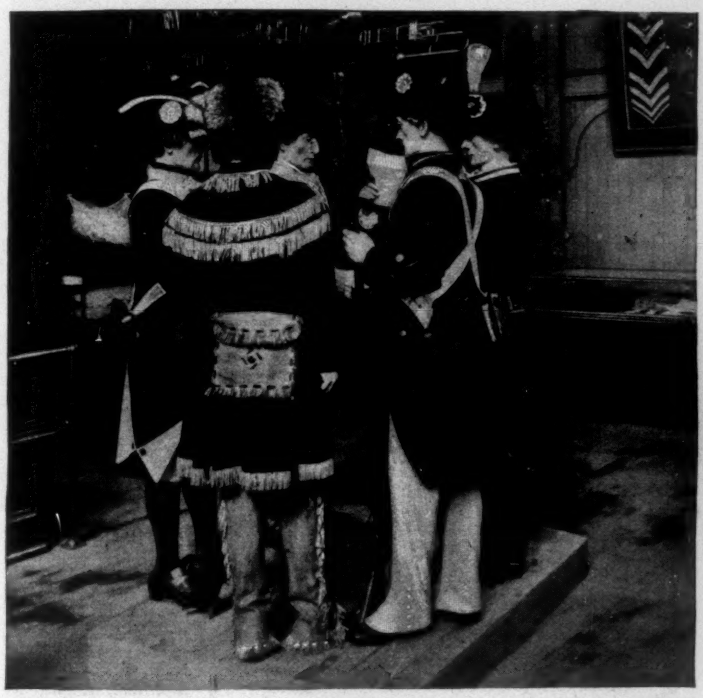
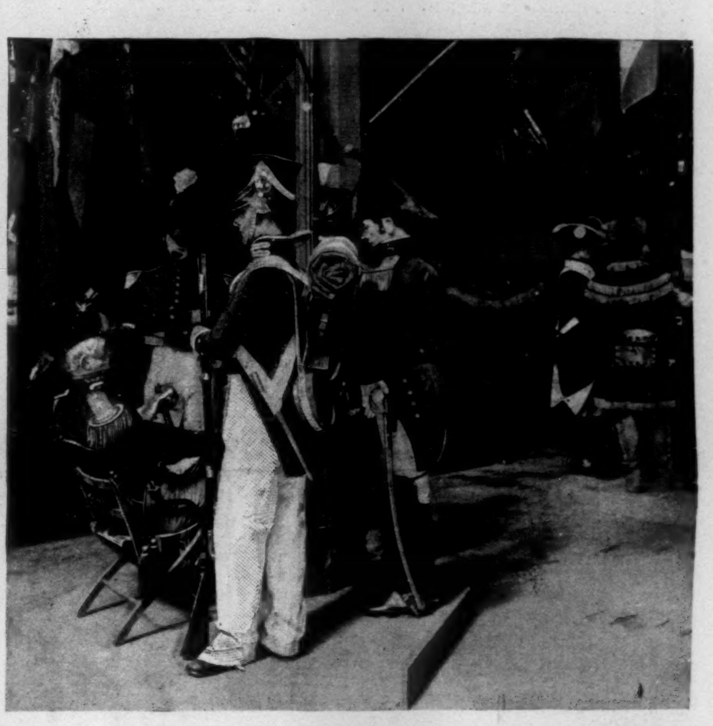


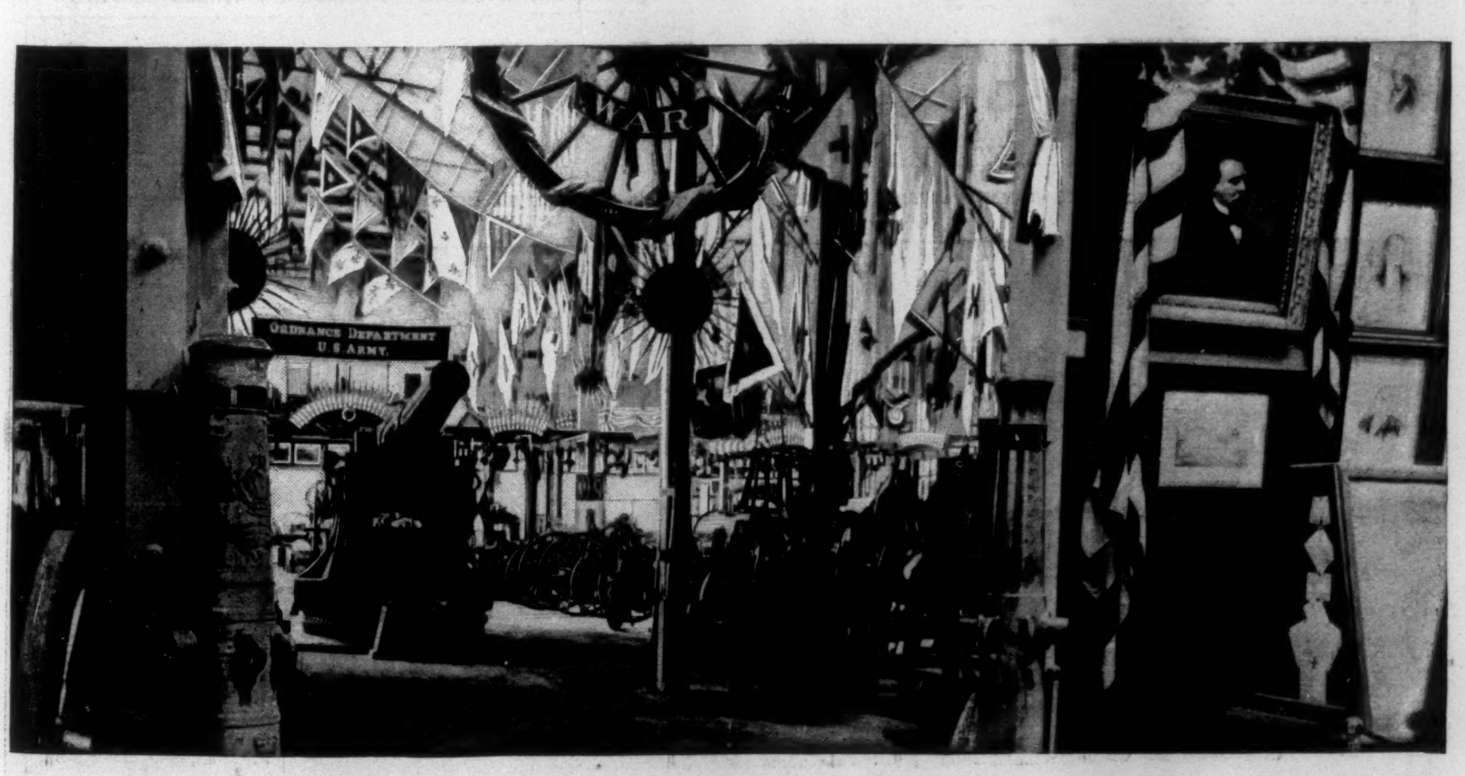
TABLEAU OF LIEUTENANT GREELY GREETING LIEUTENANT LOCKWOOD AND SERGEANT BRAINARD ON THEIR RETURN FROM THE "FARTHEST NORTH," 1883.



UNIFORMS WORN AT THE CLOSE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

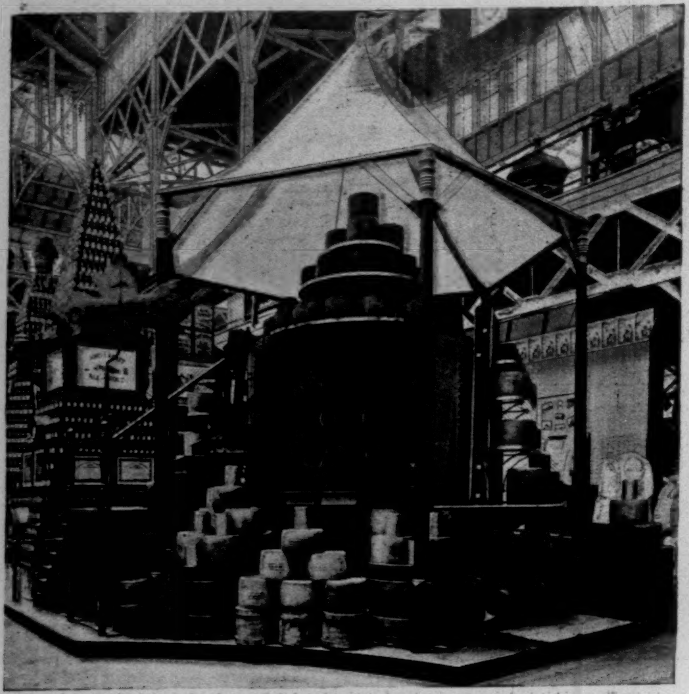


UNIFORMS WORN IN 1813.

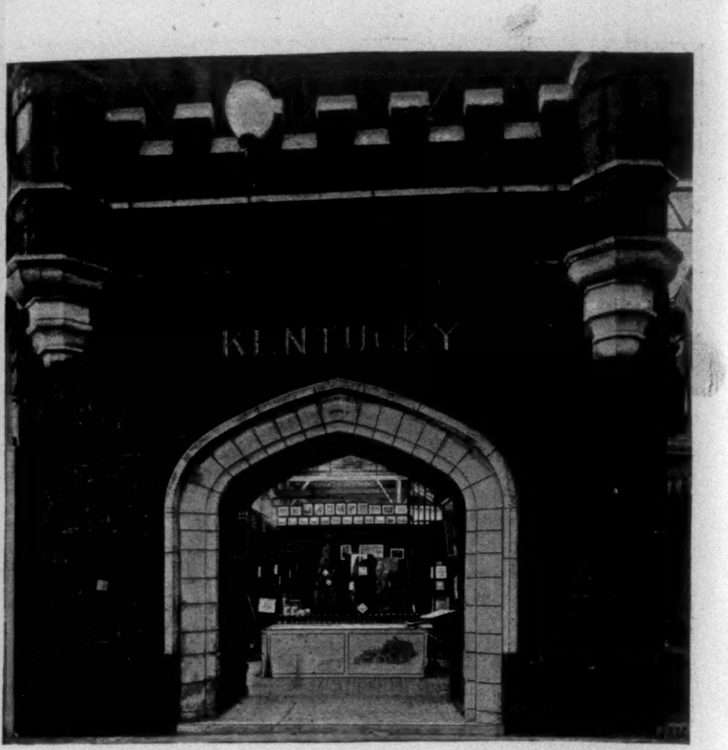


HEAVY AND FIELD ARTILLERY.

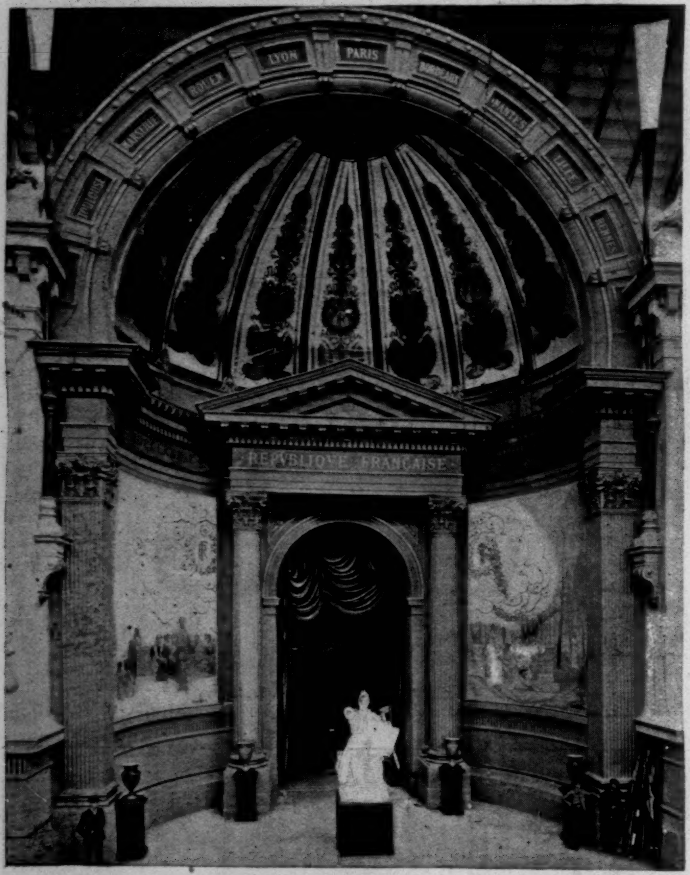
A PAGE FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT—UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING.



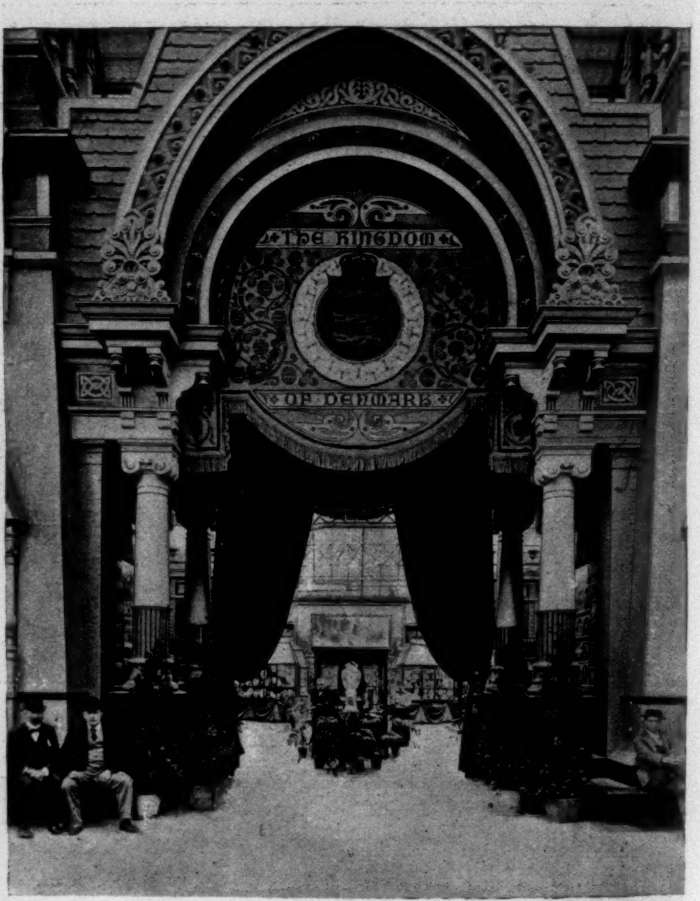
THE BIGGEST CHEESE IN THE WORLD—AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.



A CASTLE OF KENTUCKY COAL—MINES BUILDING.


LYON
PARIS
ROUEN
MARSEILLE
NANTES
REPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE

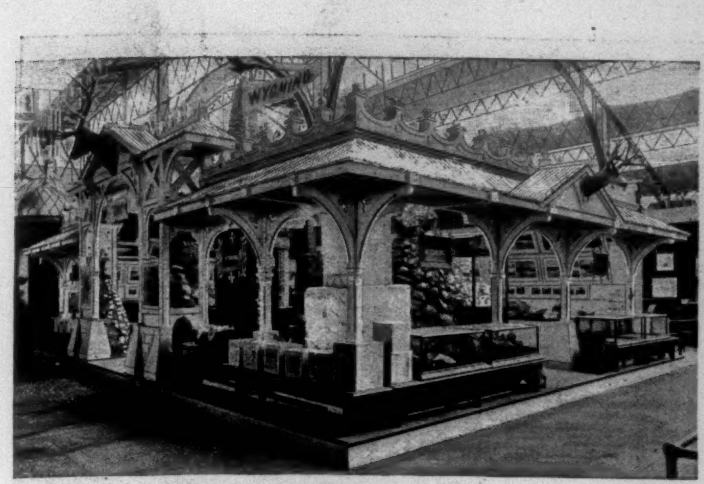
GRAND DOORWAY TO THE FRENCH SECTION—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.


THE KINGDOM
OF DANMARK

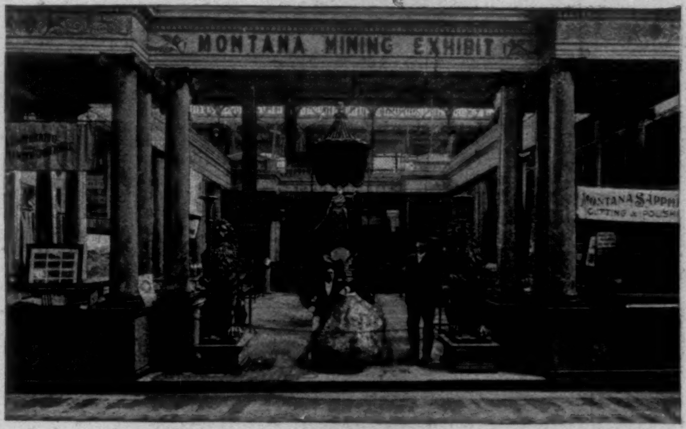
GRAND DOORWAY TO THE DANISH SECTION—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

IN THE COSTA RICA BUILDING.

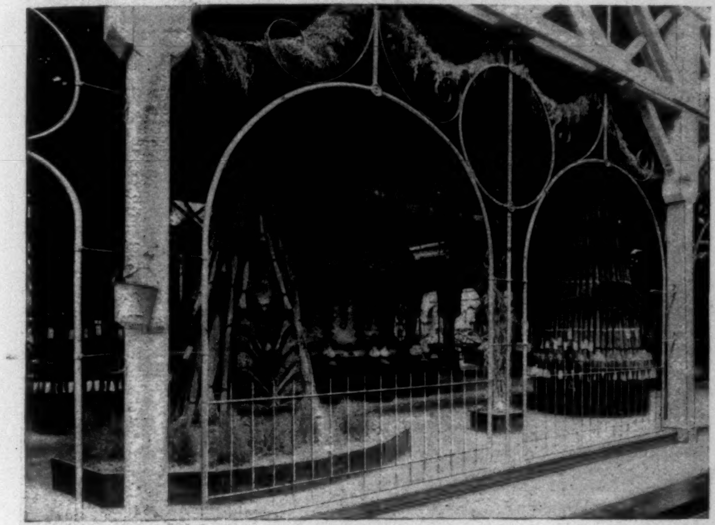
Photographs by C. D. Arnold.



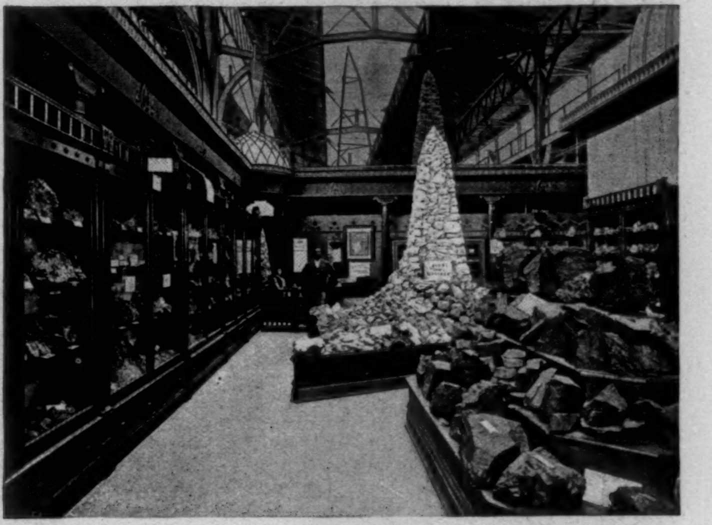
THE WYOMING EXHIBIT—MINES BUILDING.


MONTANA MINING EXHIBIT

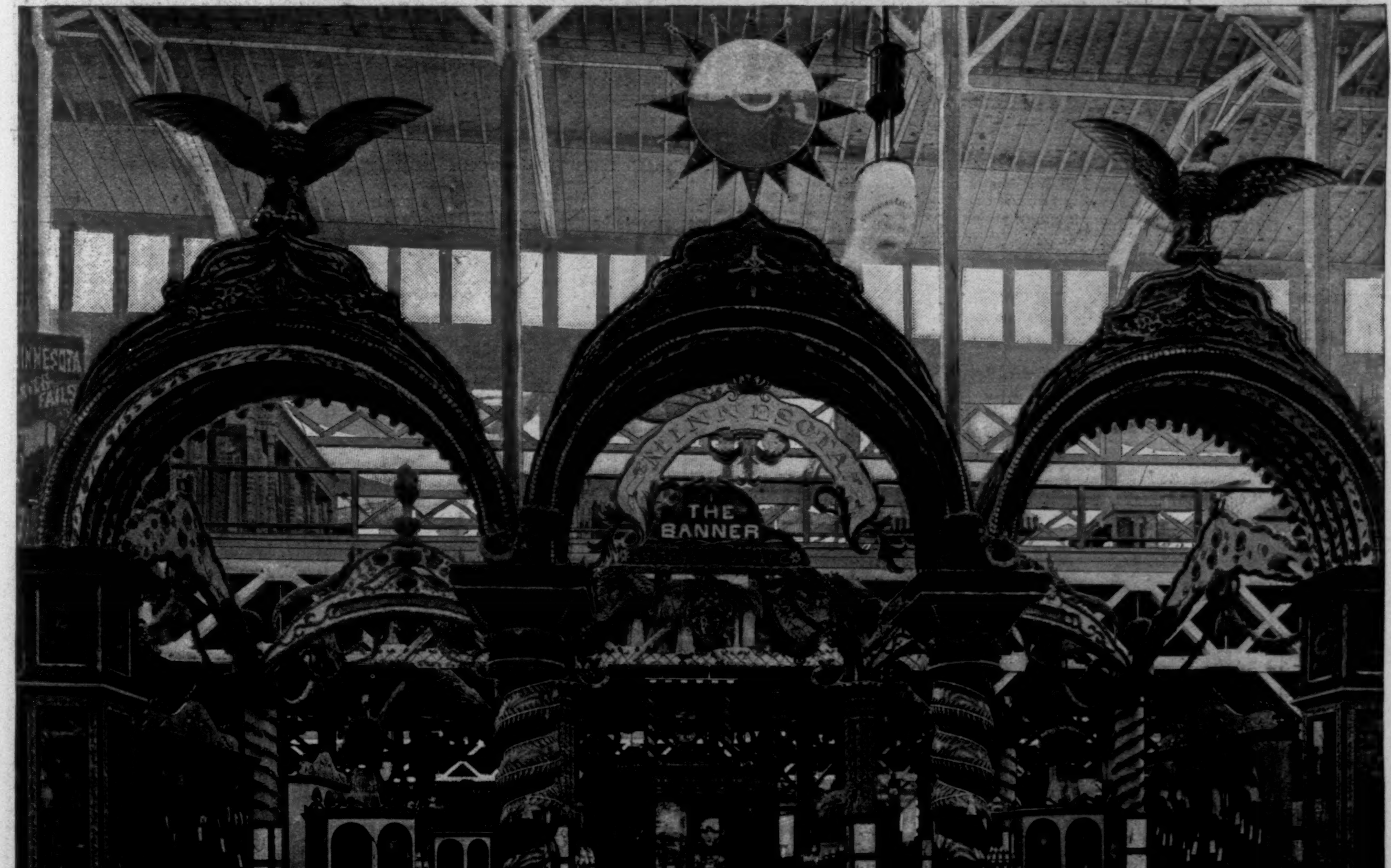
THE MONTANA EXHIBIT—MINES BUILDING.



THE MONTANA EXHIBIT—AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

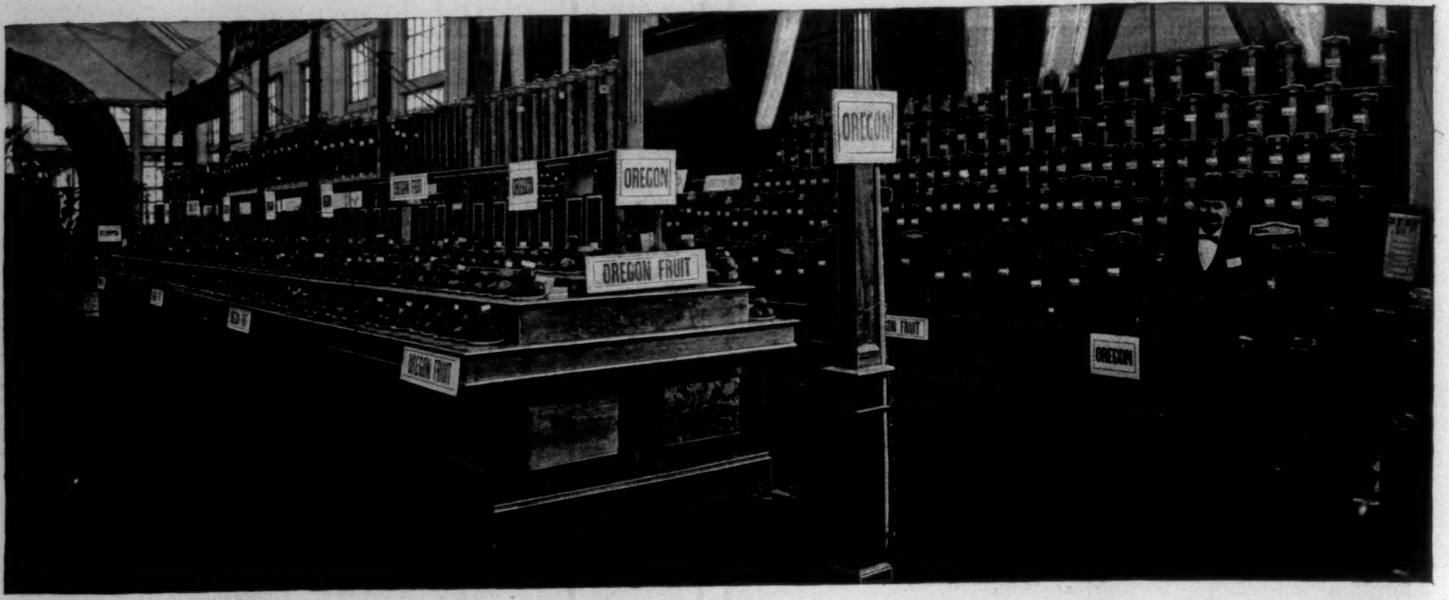


THE WASHINGTON (STATE) EXHIBIT—MINES BUILDING.


MINNESOTA
THE BANNER

Photographs by C. D. Arnold.

THE MINNESOTA EXHIBIT—AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.


OREGON
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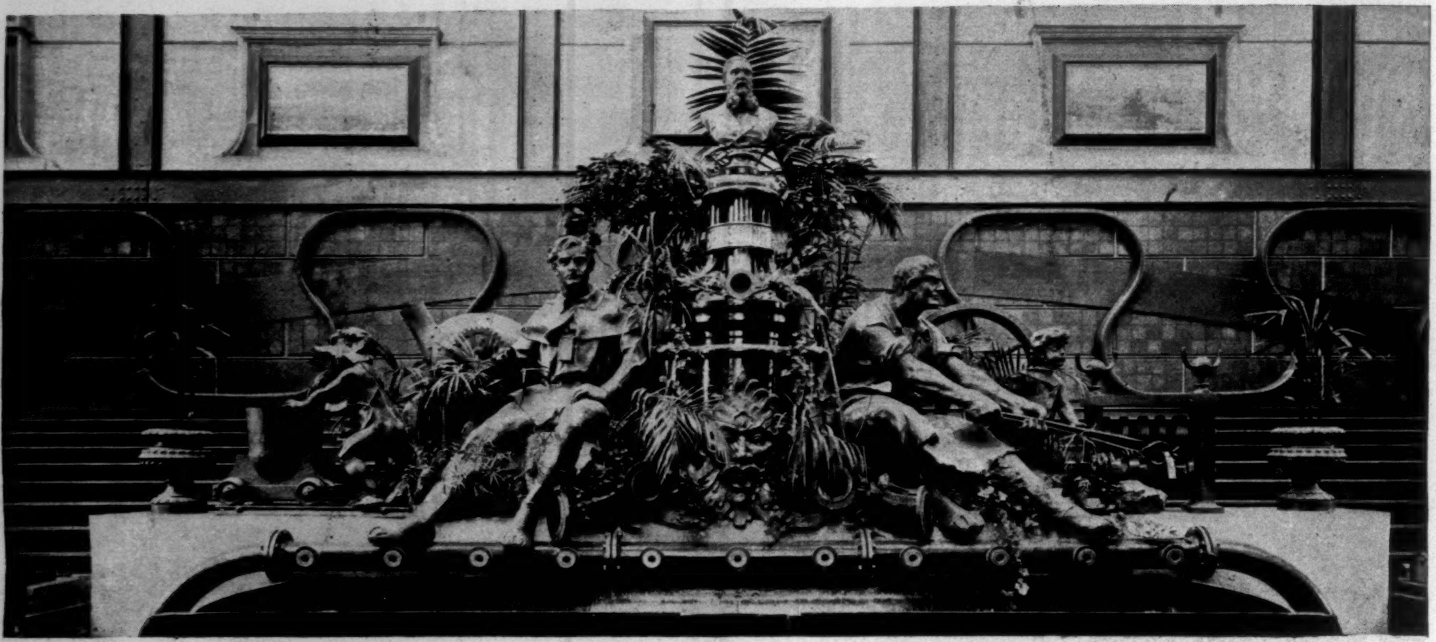
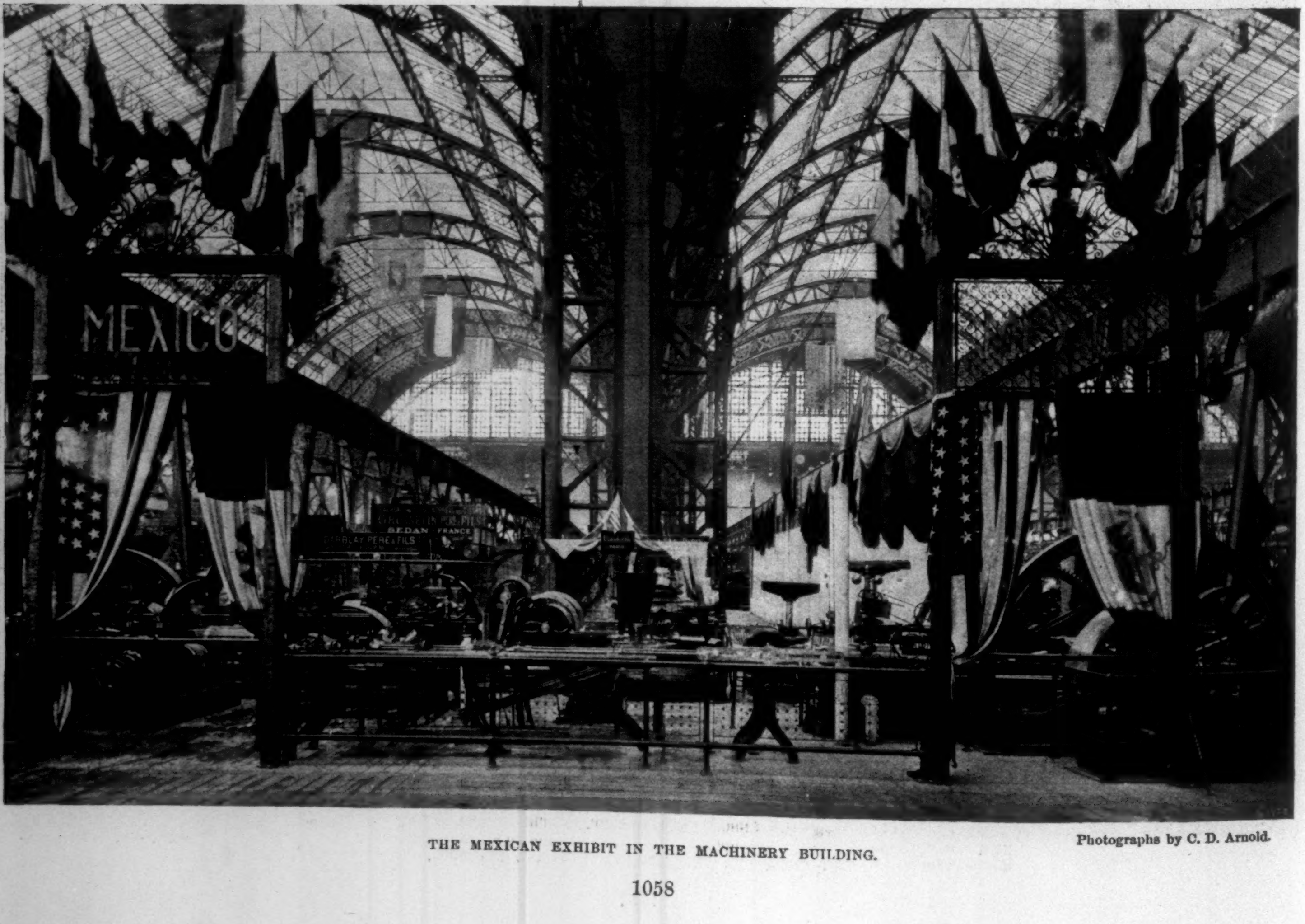
OREGON

ORECON'S FINE FRUIT DISPLAY—HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.

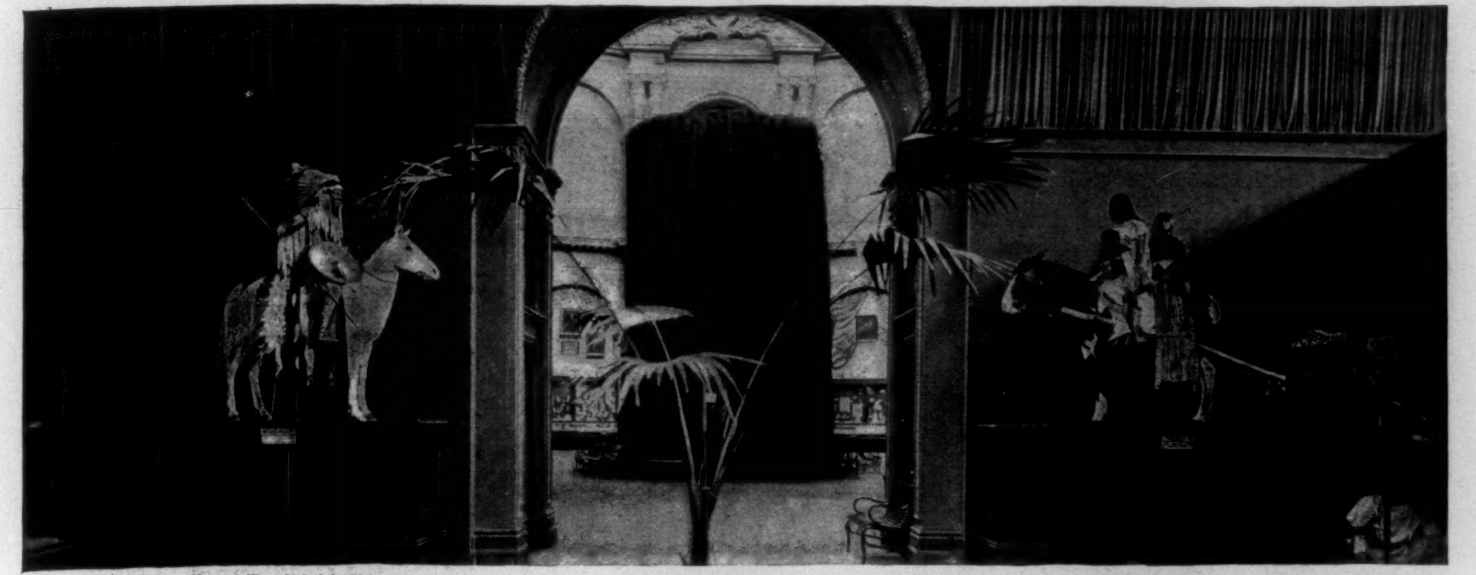


GROUP SHOWING THE ARTISTIC POSSIBILITIES OF MECHANICAL IRON-WORK—STUMM EXHIBIT—MINES BUILDING.


MEXICO
SEDAN
FRANCE

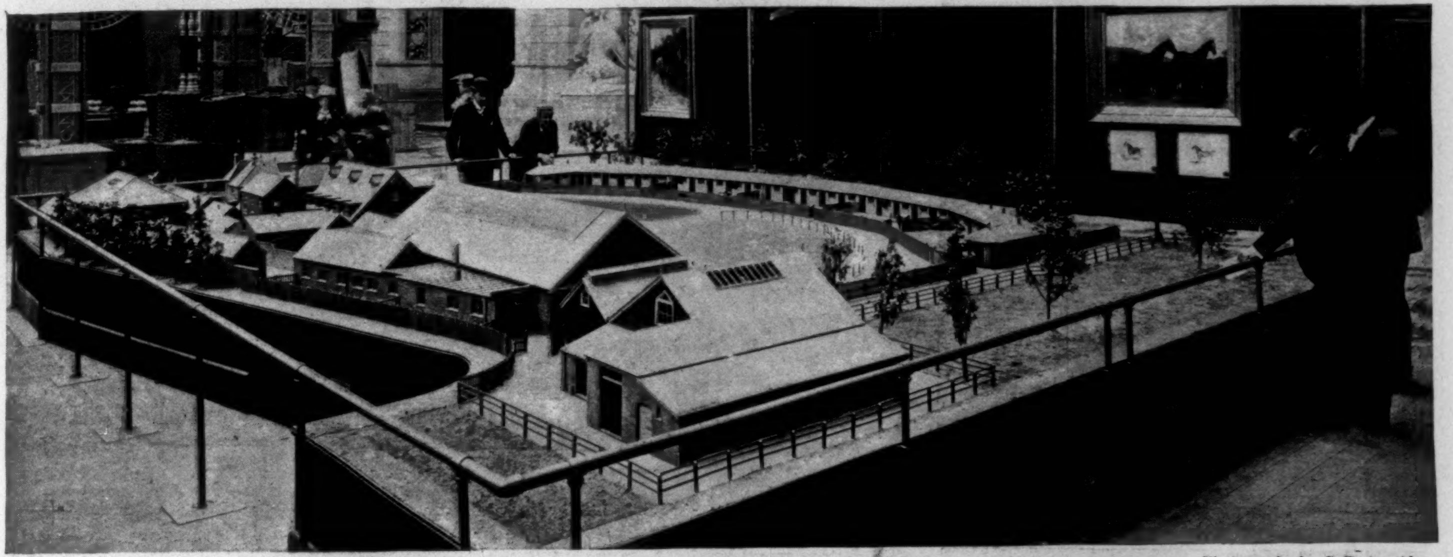
THE MEXICAN EXHIBIT IN THE MACHINERY BUILDING.

Photographs by C. D. Arnold.



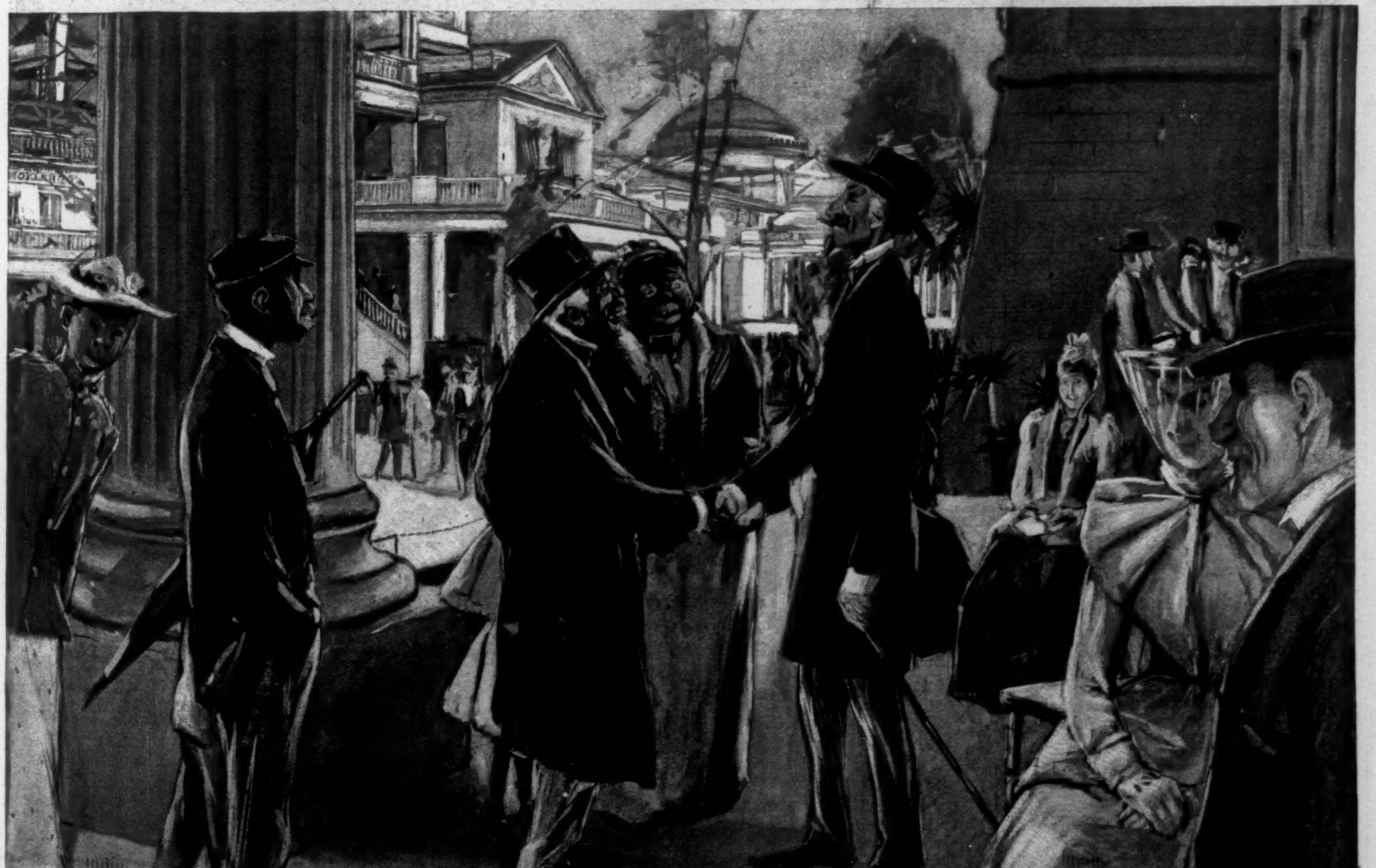
Mounted War Chief of the Plains. Indians of the Plains moving Camp.

IN THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION EXHIBIT, LOOKING AT THE SECTION OF THE BIG TREE—UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING.



Photographs by C. D. Arnold.

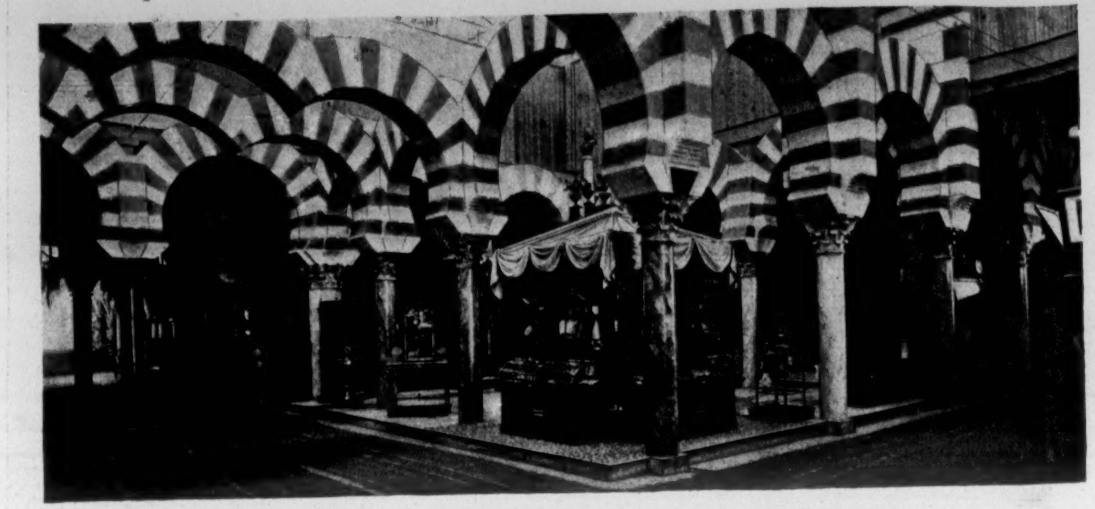
THE MODEL OF MR. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT'S FAMOUS BROOKFIELD STUD—AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.



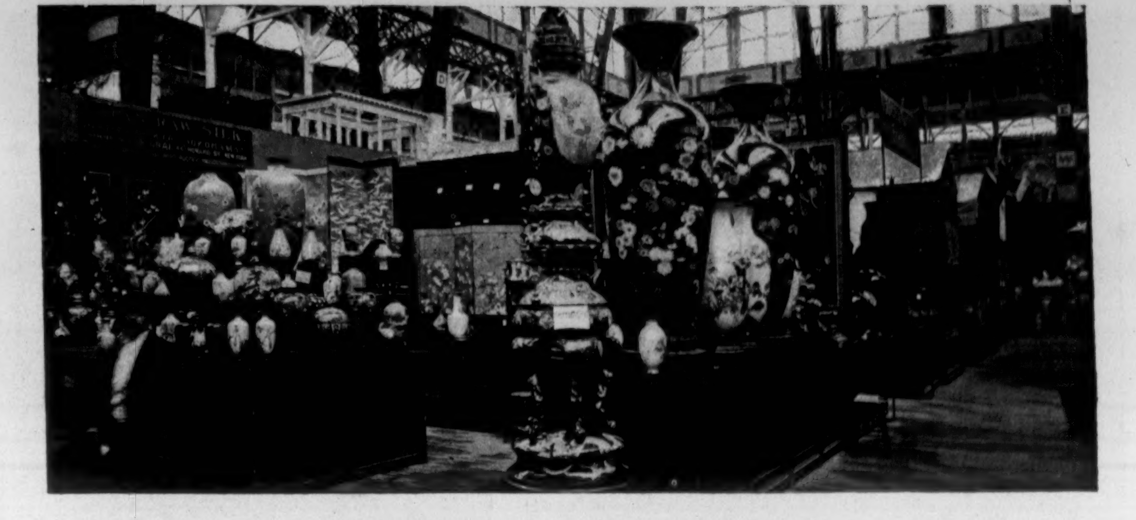
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE JOHNSON FAMILY REST AT THE KENTUCKY STATE BUILDING.

THE COLONEL (*Mr. Johnson's former master*). "Well, well, Ez, what ah you doin' heah?"

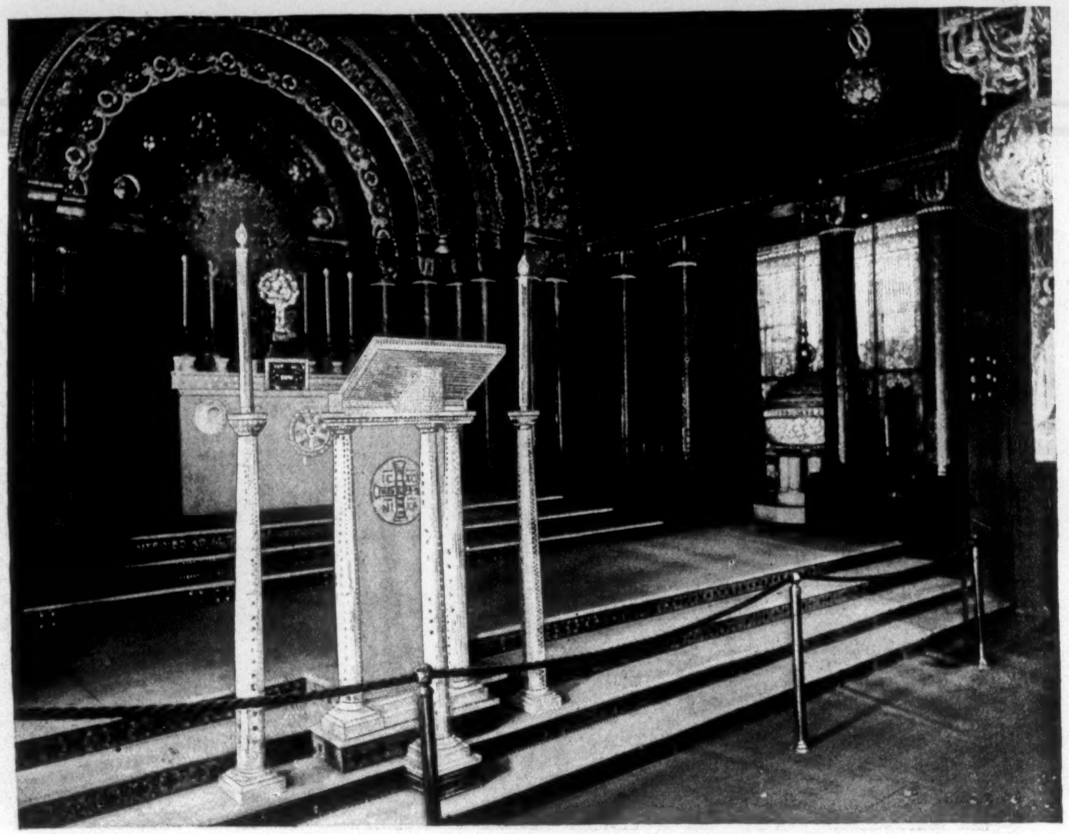
MR. JOHNSON. "Wal, sah, I's lak a nole shoe dat's been blacked—'bout time I's gittin' some polish!"



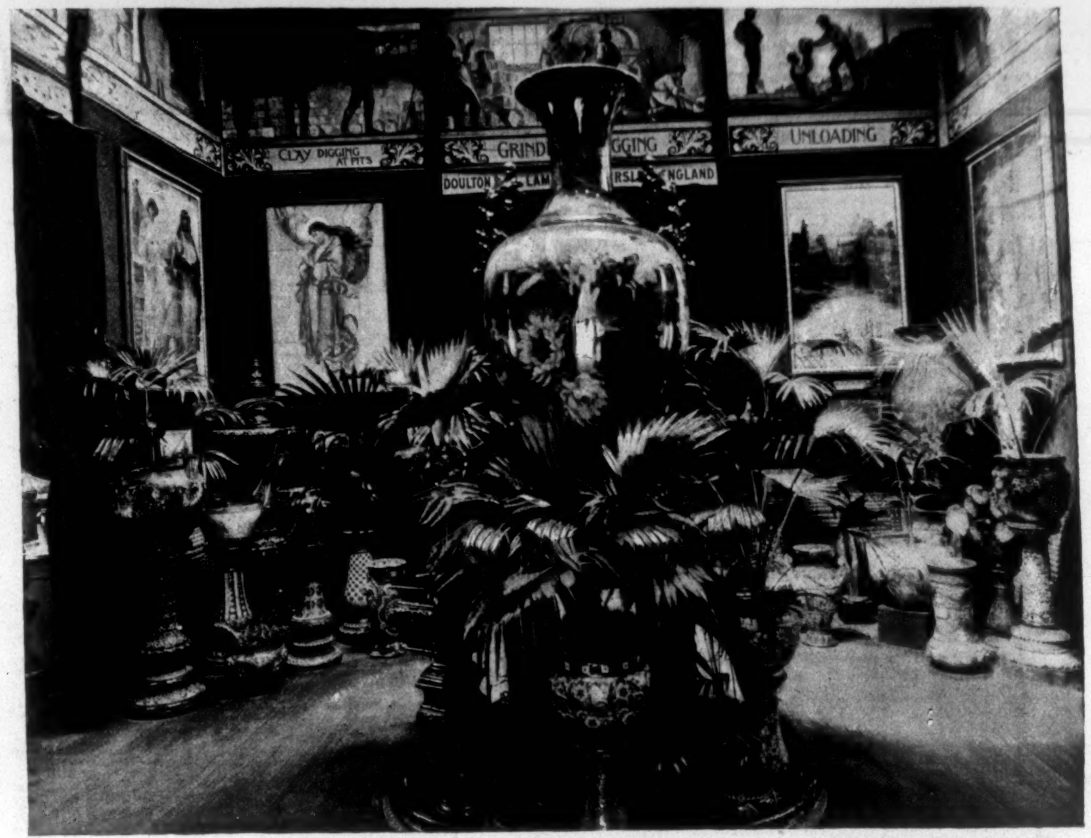
THE SPANISH SECTION—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.



IN THE JAPANESE SECTION—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

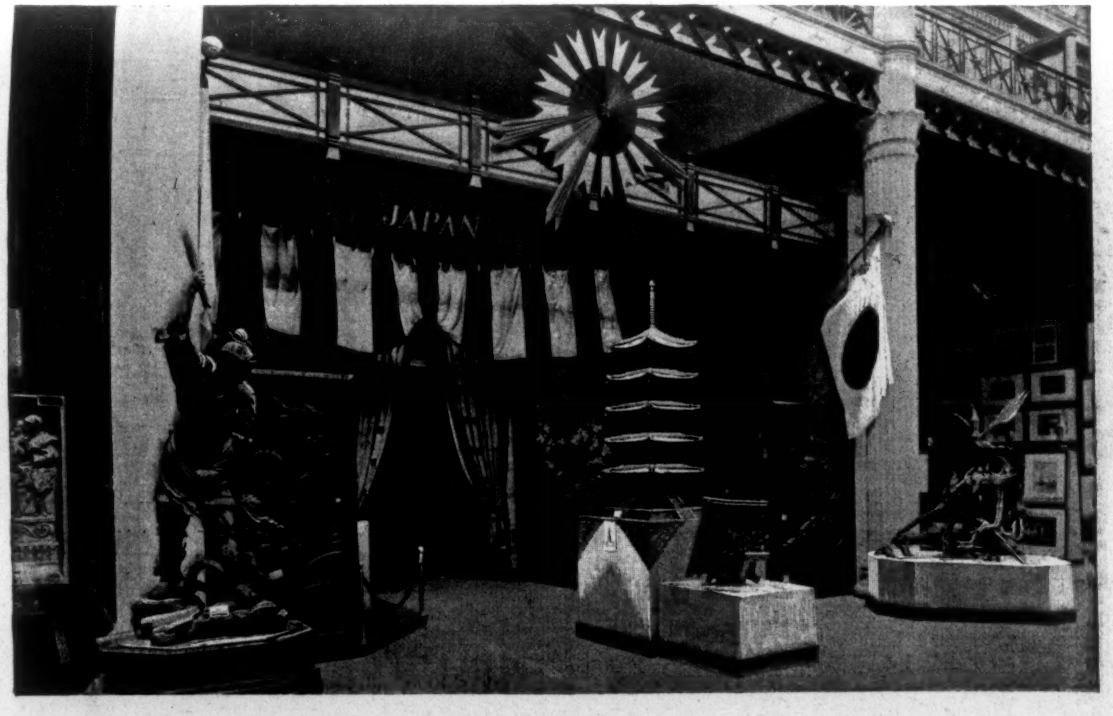


THE "CHAPEL" IN THE TIFFANY GLASS EXHIBIT—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

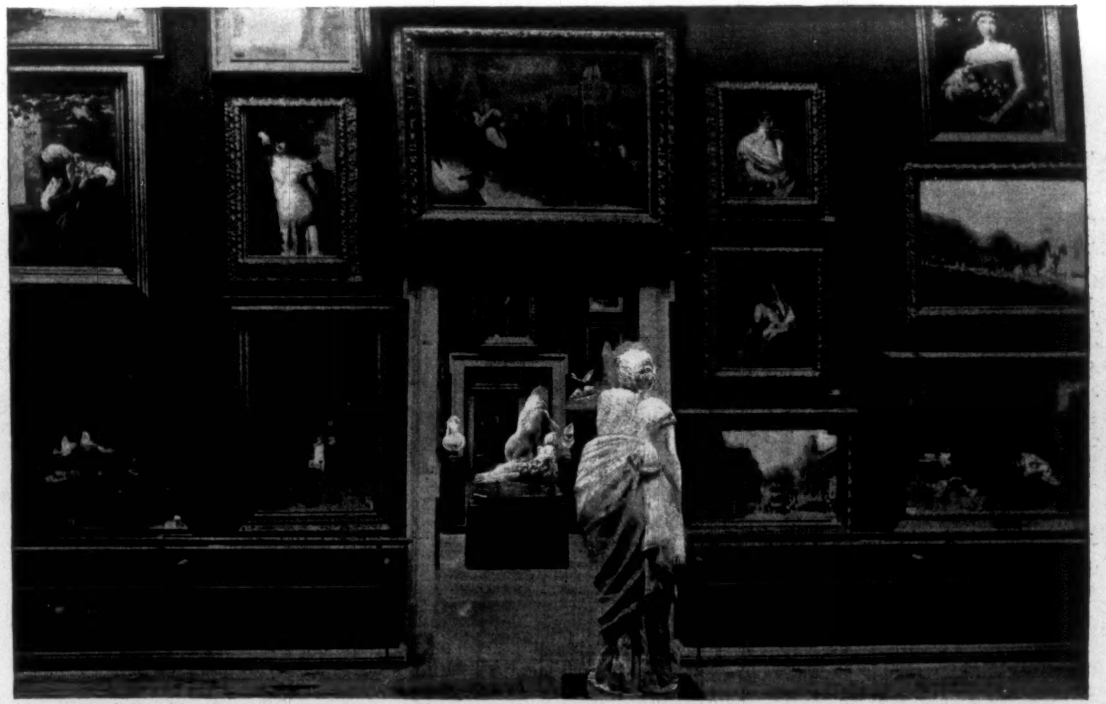

CLAY DIGGING AT PITS
GRIND
GGING
UNLOADING
DOULTON
LAM
RSLE
NGLAND

Photographs by C. D. Arnold.

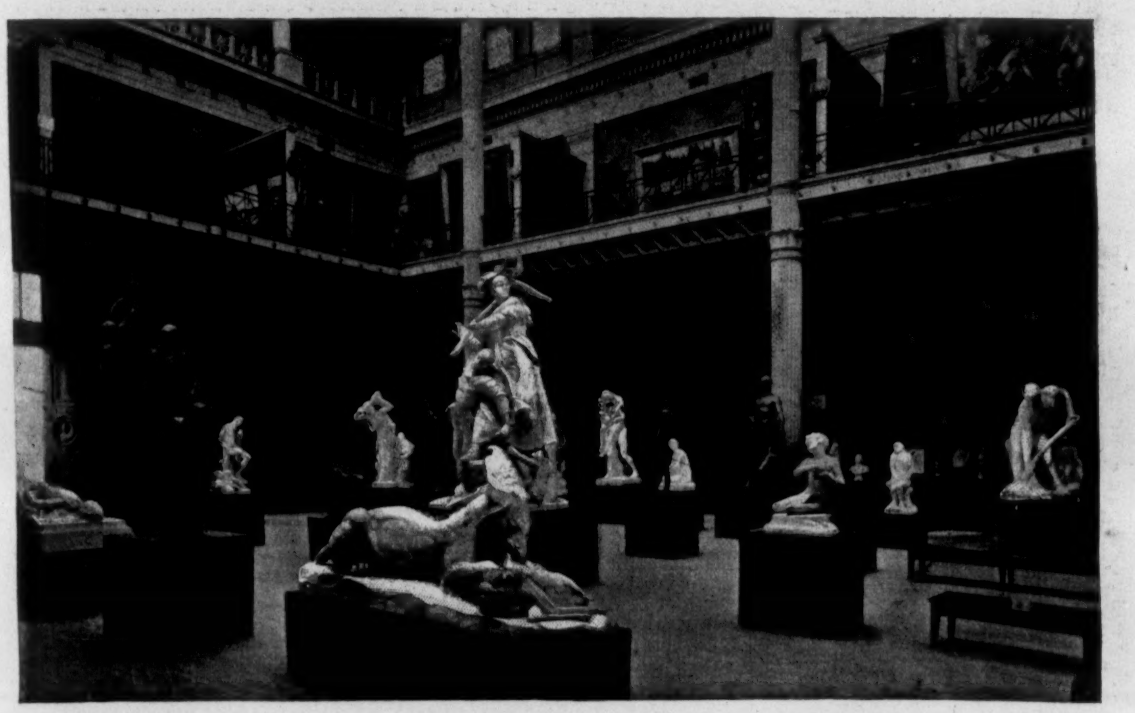
IN THE DOULTON-WARE EXHIBIT—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.



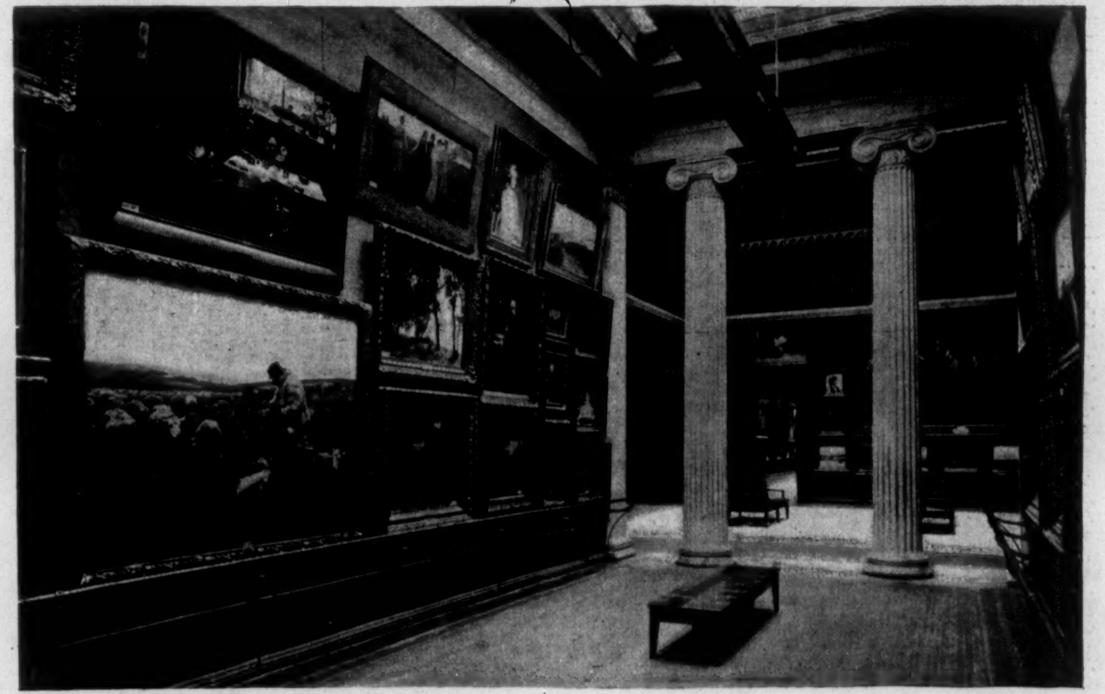
IN THE JAPANESE SECTION.



IN THE ITALIAN SECTION.



FRENCH SCULPTURE IN THE SOUTH COURT.



Photographs by C. D. Arnold.

IN THE UNITED STATES SECTION.

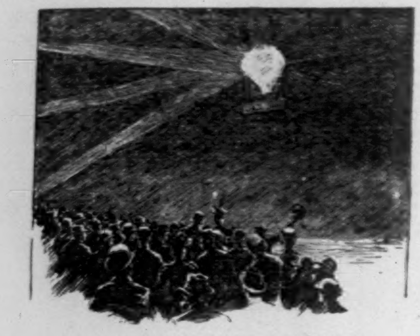
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—A PAGE FROM THE FINE ARTS BUILDING.

MANHATTAN DAY AT THE FAIR.

BY A NEW-YORKER.

On Saturday, October 21st, we went to the fair. We had been there before; in fact, we've been there right along; but this time we went for a record.

There hasn't been a day since the fair opened that there hasn't been a big New York contingent in Chicago. Go to the Vienna Café or the Marine Restaurant, and you'd think you were in New York, from the familiar faces around you.



SEARCH-LIGHTS ON THE BALLOON.
After a Sketch by Charles Mente.

Of course this had no significance for any but New-Yorkers. For anything the Chicago man knew, or the casual stranger, we might all have come from Boston or Brooklyn.

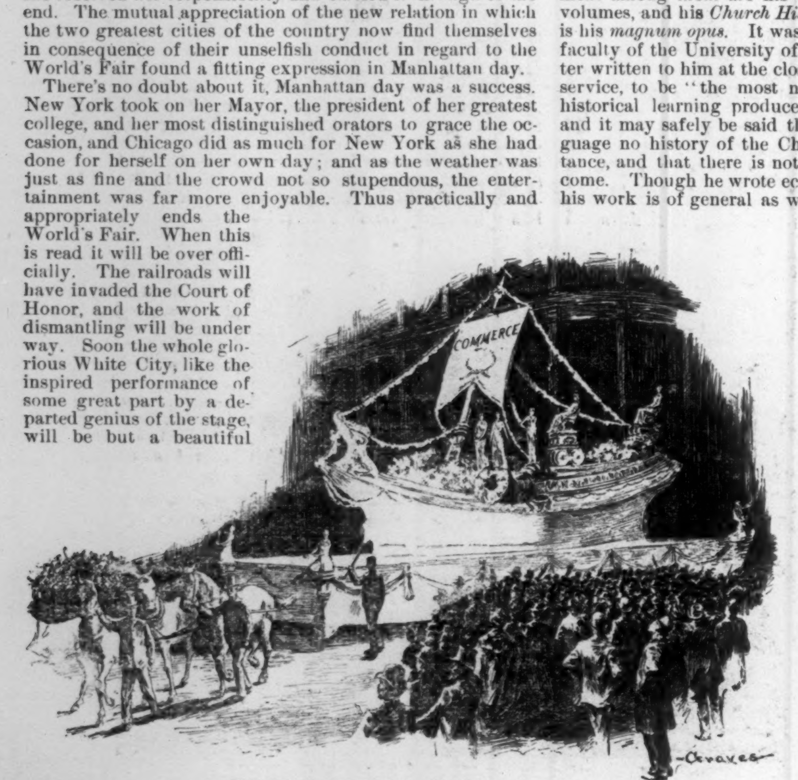
But all this time we were taking the fair in. We saw it was a big thing. The New-Yorker is not much given to superlatives, and the Chicagoans hadn't left many over, anyhow; but we saw it was big. So we just let the Chicago man apply the superlatives, and we said "Amen," or "the same," according to our custom and belief. And, what's more, we were glad of it. Yes, and we were proud of it, too—proud of Chicago, our strapping young sister; proud of our country; proud of ourselves, that we had a part in it.

And sometimes all this would come over us, and we'd want to jump right up and give three cheers. But the New-Yorker is not naturally a hurrahing animal. He can hurrah, and when he does he can make as much noise as anybody; but he prefers to make a function of it. That's where he's different from the Chicago man. If the Chicago man feels like hurrahing, he just gathers in anybody who happens to be around and hurrahs; and if there isn't anybody around, he hurrahs all by himself. But at last the time came when we knew that we'd have to hurrah or burst. So we all got together, and hired some bands, and ordered out the Old Guard, and went to the fair in style and had it out. And now I'm sure we feel a great deal better; and I guess Chicago does too. Manhattan day has afforded a fitting opportunity for New York and Chicago to show just how much they think of each other, and they find that it is a great deal.

The World's Columbian Exposition, which Chicago won and we lost, instead of estranging us and engendering bitter feelings, has really tied the two cities closer together, and a great deal of the credit for this state of things belongs to Chicago. If Chicago, in the flush of victory, had started in to show New York and the rest of her beaten rivals what a big thing she could do all by herself without outside help, she would have fallen far short of her present accomplishment, and earned the good-will of none of them. Where she showed her good sense, her patriotism, and her generous nature was in coming right out and saying: "See here; if I start in by myself to make a Chicago fair of this, I won't be satisfied with the result, and neither will you. But if we all work together to make it a national affair we can beat the world, and all share in the credit. Will you do it?"

And if New York, disgruntled at her failure, had held aloof, perhaps in some particulars the fair might not have been quite what it is to-day. But there was no holding out against talk like this. And great as the fair is, surpassing even the brightest dreams of its designers, Chicago has shown herself just one degree greater in the spirit in which she received her responsibility and carried it through to the end. The mutual appreciation of the new relation in which the two greatest cities of the country now find themselves in consequence of their unselfish conduct in regard to the World's Fair found a fitting expression in Manhattan day.

There's no doubt about it, Manhattan day was a success. New York took on her Mayor, the president of her greatest college, and her most distinguished orators to grace the occasion, and Chicago did as much for New York as she had done for herself on her own day; and as the weather was just as fine and the crowd not so stupendous, the entertainment was far more enjoyable. Thus practically and appropriately ends the World's Fair. When this is read it will be over officially. The railroads will have invaded the Court of Honor, and the work of dismantling will be under way. Soon the whole glorious White City, like the inspired performance of some great part by a departed genius of the stage, will be but a beautiful memory in the minds of those who have had the good fortune to see it. That this is too bad has been said until it is painfully trite. But it is now too late to repine, and to say that if we had known this or thought that, these or those buildings might have been built to last.



THE NIGHT PAGEANT—MANHATTAN DAY.
After a Sketch by Charles Mente.

The good that the World's Fair has accomplished is not going to die with the memories of those who have been there. Think of what the Centennial did for this country, and then compare the two expositions. Yet the Centennial bred a love of art and a capacity for appreciating what is beautiful in our daily American lives that made the Columbian Exposition first a possibility and then a completed reality. The influence of the World's Fair for what is good in art will be felt in every hamlet and home in this country. Not a man, woman, or child who has visited it but has come away better informed, better educated, broadened, exalted, a better citizen; for of all the lessons of the fair none is so important in its ultimate results as that of the unselfish emulation, generous co-operation, and broad-minded, high-minded patriotism illustrated in Manhattan day.

PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., LL.D.

The death of Dr. Philip Schaff removes one of the greatest and best known of American theologians. He was born at Coire, Switzerland, on the 1st of January, 1819, and was educated in Germany at the universities of Tübingen, Halle, and Berlin. In 1842 he began his academic career at the last-named institution as a tutor in theology. In 1843 he received and accepted a call to the German Reformed Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, where he gave instruction at one time or another on all branches of theology, engaging in the mean while in editorial work, and in other literary labors of the most varied character. His activity as a writer began even before he left Germany, and during his residence in Mercersburg he published several important works, the chief of which were his histories of the apostolic age and of the ancient church. His earliest works were written in German, but before many years had passed he had acquired a sufficient mastery of English to write it with ease and accuracy, and since then he has published almost exclusively in that language. Although he was of foreign birth, and learned English only after reaching years of maturity, the literary style of Dr. Schaff's later books is remarkable alike for its perspicuity and for its elegance.

That his theological studies, wide and varied as they were, did not make him indifferent to the more practical side of Christian life is shown by the fact that he had a leading hand in the preparation of a new hymnal and liturgy for the German Reformed Church, and that he published a catechism in English and German, whose popularity is evidenced by its translation into many languages, including even Chinese and Japanese. Such labors as these served to make Dr. Schaff's name a household word throughout the Church to which he belonged, and even beyond its borders. But before this time, when he was fresh from his native land, his advanced scholarship and his broad and liberal spirit had excited suspicion, as is so often the case, and he was obliged to defend himself against the charge of heresy. He was, however, honorably acquitted by the Synod at York in 1845. His trial showed him to be, what he always remained, a thoroughly loyal Christian, devoted heart and soul to the service of Christ and His church, but it did not make him any the less liberal or any less ready than he had been to welcome and to utilize fresh truth, from whatever source it might come. Indeed, openness to new truth was always one of Dr. Schaff's marked characteristics. To the day of his death he was a learner, eager in his search for knowledge, and ever ready to revise his opinion in the light of newly discovered facts.

After twenty years of varied and fruitful labors at Mercersburg, he removed to New York, and during the next five years held the post of secretary of the New York Sabbath Committee, in the mean time continuing his literary work and lecturing upon church history in Andover, Hartford, and New York. In 1869 he was called to the Union Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian Church, with which institution he remained connected until his death, as professor successively of Theological Encyclopædia and Symbolics, Hebrew, Sacred Literature and Church History. Throughout his long life Dr. Schaff was busy with his pen, and enriched the world with many notable works. Prominent among them are his *Creeds of Christendom*, in three volumes, and his *Church History* in seven. The latter work is his *magnum opus*. It was pronounced by the theological faculty of the University of Berlin, in a congratulatory letter written to him at the close of his fifty years of academic service, to be "the most notable monument of universal historical learning produced by the school of Neander," and it may safely be said that there is in the English language no history of the Christian church of equal importance, and that there is not likely to be for many years to come. Though he wrote ecclesiastical, not secular, history, his work is of general as well as of technical interest, and its character is such as to entitle him to a place among the greatest of American historians. With a marvellously tenacious memory, which gave him ready command of immense stores of learning, with a critical sense and with a constructive faculty of no mean order, with a broad and catholic spirit which put him into sympathy with the best in all men, and in all systems of thought, however diverse from his own, and which emancipated him to a remarkable degree from the evil effects of prejudice and bigotry, Dr. Schaff was peculiarly fitted for the work of a historian. But his labors were not confined to history. For the advancement of Biblical learning few men have done so much as he. Besides editing and contributing to various Scripture commentaries, he published a Bible Dictionary, and a very convenient Companion to the New Testament; and at the request of the English revisers, he organized the American Bible Revision Committee, and served as its president until its labors were completed. His work in this department alone insures him a permanent place in the memory of English-speaking Christians.

But though so diligent a student and so voluminous a writer, Dr. Schaff was no recluse. On the contrary, he was a man among men, interested in all that interested them, and thoroughly alive to questions of present concern. He was for many years an active member of the Century Club, and his friends were never confined to theological circles. An indefatigable traveller, he had a large acquaintance on both sides of the Atlantic. He was always very fond of social intercourse and of the companionship of friends, and no one had more warm friends than he. To know him, indeed, was to love him. His genial face, his sunny temper, his unfailing fund of anecdote and reminiscence, his large and varied information, his wide acquaintance with men and affairs, his contagious enthusiasm, made him one of the most delightful of companions and one of the most inspiring of friends. Upon all with whom he came in contact, and among them upon more than a thousand theological students, he left the indelible impression of his broad and noble manhood, of his magnificent devotion to a high ideal, of his unswerving loyalty to truth, and of his untiring diligence in the pursuit of it.

A year ago Dr. Schaff rounded out a half-century of professional labor, and the University of New York signalized the occasion by conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, which he had already received from the universities of Berlin and St. Andrews. He was made the recipient at that time of many other signal marks of esteem, and the hope was everywhere entertained that he might see many more years of active service; but he never fully recovered from the effects of a stroke of paralysis which he had suffered the previous summer; and a second stroke, following upon a severe attack of *angina pectoris*, brought his long and useful life to a close on the morning of Friday, the 20th of October.

REMARKS TO POETS.

There is a pleasure in being mad
That none but madmen know.—*Dryden.*

Since Dryden states this as a fact,
Of course it must be so;
But if he were not daft himself,
Pray how did Dryden know?

COALING SHIPS AT SEA.

The recent official test of the device for coaling ships upon the high seas may have a more important bearing upon the foreign policy of the United States than one would believe at a glance. The fact that fuel can be safely transferred from one vessel to another, in any condition of wind or sea, is one that is particularly interesting to a nation possessing but a single coaling station in foreign waters. Though it may not render wholly unnecessary such vantage points, the number of them may be safely decreased, and naval operations before an enemy's coast prolonged indefinitely.

In case the United States should find it necessary to send a squadron on distant service, for the purpose of demanding an indemnity or blockading the entrance to some harbor, all neutral ports would be closed against us, for coal is regarded as a munition of war. Unless we possess some accessible stations where the bunkers of our vessels could be replenished, the most important factor of the problem, both of defensive and offensive operations, would be a fleet of colliers. These would have to be guarded at any cost, for upon them would depend the life of the squadron.

Suppose, for instance, that hostilities had been declared against Chili. Owing to its great distance from the United States and the fact that we possess no coaling station south of Key West, our squadron would have been forced to depend upon its own resources. Should the admiral of the fleet have found it necessary to blockade the Chilian coast, the question of supplying his vessels with coal would have been a most important one; for international law says that "a blockade to be effective must be continuous." This would have necessitated the keeping of each vessel upon her station, and her duty would have been not to remain in one spot, but to police the coast, and chase any merchant craft that might be seen attempting to force the line.

The need of coal at a critical moment would have crippled the entire fleet; and as the vessels could not have left the coast until the blockade was lifted, they would have to depend upon the colliers alone for fuel. Now, in smooth water, beyond the natural chafing of two vessels lashed alongside of each other, it would have been an easy matter to transfer coal either in bags or bulk. But unfortunately it is not always the fate of the sailor to meet only with zephyrs and ripples; and even in an ordinary sea it would have been a difficult if not impossible task to transfer coal. It is in such a predicament that Captain Philip B. Low's invention would be of prime importance to the country.

Again, if the exigencies of war should render it necessary for the vessels to remain under way, the collier could be taken in tow, and the transfer made under full speed. Indeed, this was the test that took place on board the *San Francisco* and *Kearsarge*, by order of the Secretary of the Navy, on October 18th. And though neither speed nor rapidity of transmission was attempted upon that occasion, the success of the system was established beyond peradventure, and it was demonstrated that the new device could transfer coal at the rate of fifteen tons or more an hour. There is no reason why a second apparatus could not be rigged on the other side of the ships, and the supply increased to thirty tons an hour. The official report of the "Board" found so much merit in the invention that they recommended the fitting up of a regular collier further to test the system in bad weather.

The question of coaling ships at sea has been one that has vexed the navies of the world for many years, and in the British naval manœuvres of 1890 the Admiralty particularly requested the captains to suggest some method of rapidly coaling while under way. Though several different systems were tried, none of them were successful. And it has remained for an American to solve the difficult problem.

The principles involved in Captain Low's invention are simple, and well established by the laws of mechanics. The method consists in transporting bags of coal from one vessel to another by means of an inclined wire, the collier being in tow of the vessel to be coaled. The transmission wire is held taut by a counterpoise which has a vertical play sufficient to permit both vessels to roll and pitch freely, but it always maintains a grade sufficient to carry the weight over by gravity alone.

On board the collier two upright spars are placed forward of the foremast and parallel to each other. These are about four feet apart, and extend a short distance above the topsail-yard, being strengthened by two cross-pieces, one lashed near the head of the spars and the other about two-thirds the distance from the deck. To the latter a long wire pendant is attached. This takes all the strain from the foreyard, to which the spars are lashed simply to prevent rolling in a seaway.

Between the two uprights a box filled with heavy weights is fitted. This is the counterpoise, and moves up and down like an elevator in its shaft. This counterpoise not only keeps the transmitting line taut, but it relieves the strain should there be a sudden jerk. Attached to the first cross-piece is an iron block, through which the transmitting line is passed and then secured to the counterpoise. Two-thirds the distance up the vertical spars a platform is erected upon which two men stand to receive the bags from below and attach them to the sliding block.

The receiving apparatus consists of two shear legs that are lashed together on the port side of the poop of the vessel to be coaled. Across these is lashed another spar, from which hangs a mat that serves as a buffer. When the bag strikes the mat it is automatically detached and thrown to the deck. The distance between the vessels may be anywhere from 250 to 500 feet.

William Nephew King, Jun.

HARPER'S WEEKLY AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

A LIST OF WORLD'S FAIR SUBJECTS PICTORIALLY TREATED IN THE FOLLOWING NUMBERS OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

1753. Officers of the World's Columbian Commission.

1763. Colonel George R. Davis, Director-General. Hon. James A. McKenzie, Chief Assistant.

1778. Proposed Plans and Sites.

1789. The Government Building. The Sham Battleship.

1791. Bird's-eye View.

1792. The Woman's Building. Miss Minerva Parker. Columbian Monument. Queen Isabella Pavilion.

1793. The Electrical Building. The Mines Building.

1794. The Agricultural Building. The Administration Building.

1795. View looking south through the Lagoon.

1796. The Pier and the Casino.

1797. The Machinery Hall.

1800. The Transportation Building. The Horticultural Building.

1805. The Administration Building.

1806. World's Fair Officers—Moses P. Handy; Hon. Benjamin Butterworth; Halsey E. Ives; W. T. Baker; Charles L. Hutchinson; Anthony F. Seeberger.

1811. View of the Art Building.

1812. World's Fair Commissioners Abroad.

1813. The Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building.

1818. The Massachusetts Building.

1822. The Present State of the Grounds and Buildings—Six Illustrations.

1826. Bird's-eye View of the Buildings and Grounds as they will appear in 1893—Four-page Supplement.

1829. A Visit to the Roof of the Woman's Building.

1832. The Allegorical Group of War for the Administration Building.

1833. Sketches of World's Fair Buildings—Five Illustrations.

1834. Proposed New York State Building—the Van Rensselaer Manor-House. The Art Institute. The Administration, the Mines, and the Electricity Buildings.

1835. Working under Canvas on the Mines Building.

1837. The Congressional Visit to Chicago.

1838. The Statue of "The Republic." Placing Exterior Decorations.

1839. One of the large Iron Arches for the Machinery Building in Place. Plasterers at Work.

1840. The Great Derrick.

1841. The Grand Court.

1842. Bits about the Grounds—Four Illustrations.

1843. The Pennsylvania State Building. In the Designing-Room, Bureau of Construction.

1845. The Buildings from the Wooded Island. A Sculptor's Studio. Details of the Fisheries Building. Sunday Visitors at Jackson Park. Workers in Staff. Constructing the Manufactures Building. The North Dakota Building. The Wisconsin Building. The Government Building.

1848. Quitting Hour at Jackson Park.

1849. Pay-Day at the Fair Grounds.

1853. Portion of West Front of the Agricultural Building.

1854. Buildings in Course of Construction—Nine Illustrations.

1858. Figure of "Fire" for Machinery Hall. The British Building. Models for Live-stock Entrance.

1859. The Manufactures Building—View from Lake Shore. The Minnesota Building. The Georgia Building. The Ohio Building. The New York Building.

1861. Pediment for Agricultural Building.

1863. Interior of Manufactures Building, showing Base of one of the great Arches.

1865. The Golden Doorway—Main Entrance to Transportation Building. The Manufactures Building, looking northeast. The Administration Building. Statues for the Agricultural Building. South End of the Mines Building. The Algerian Village. The Workmen's Noonday Meal.

1867. Architectural Bits at the World's Fair.

1871. The Dedication Ceremonies in the Manufactures Building. Mural Decorations in the Manufactures Building. The Triumphal Arch and some Street Decorations. The New York Building. Dedication Ceremonies: the Grand Court.

1875. The Horticultural Building.

1876. The Gallery of Fine Arts.

1878. Decoration at the southern Entrance of the Agricultural Building.

1880. A Group of State Buildings—Indiana, Rhode Island, Iowa, West Virginia, Kansas, Connecticut, South Dakota, Arkansas, and Illinois Buildings.

1882. The Woman's Building.

1884. The Kalsomining Machine for covering large Surfaces.

1888. The Statue of "The Republic."

1890. East Entrance to the Horticultural Building.

1891. At Work on the Japanese Building. Buildings at the Columbian Exposition—the Utah, Haiti, Clam-bake, Maryland, Missouri, and Florida Buildings.

1893. The United States Corner in the Manufactures Building.

1894. Finishing the large Statues.

1895. Unpacking Exhibits in the Art Gallery.

1896. South Entrance to the Electricity Building.

1899. South Entrance to the Manufactures Building. The Opening Ceremonies—the Presidential Party; President Cleveland passing the Manufactures Building; Introducing President Cleveland to the Foreign Commissioners; looking towards Fountain and Manufactures Building; looking south across Plaza east of Administration Building at the Moment the President touched the Button. The Midway Plaisance. The Central Power Plant annexed to Machinery Hall. The Golden Doorway to the Transportation Building. General View of the Buildings from the Lake, and the Peristyle as seen from the Grand Court (Four-page Supplement). The Chicago Hussars.

1900. The Sunday Crowd besieging the Gates. The German Village. The Turks and their Sedan Chair in the Midway Plaisance. Wall of the Hungarian Village. Entrance to the Turkish Theatre. Javanese at Work. Dedication of the Swedish Building.

1901. The Macmonnies Fountain in the Grand Court. The Obelisk and Entrance to the Stock Pavilion. North Entrance to the Machinery Building.

1902. South Entrance to the Mines Building. Hooden, or Phœnix Hall. The Boone and Crockett Club. The Missouri Building.

1903. Sunday opening of the Fair—the Crowd entering the Grounds. Venetian Gondolas on the Lagoon.

1904. In the Manufactures Building. In and about the Midway Plaisance.

1905. In the Terminal Station. Big Guns in the War Department, Government Building. The Grand Court at Night—Electrical Illumination of Macmonnies's Fountain and the Administration Building.

1906. Dedication of the German Building. The World's Congress of Beauty in the Procession. An Egyptian Marriage in the Cairo Street. Procession of Foreign Peoples from the Midway Plaisance.

1907. In the India Building. The great Ferris Wheel.

1908. The Fourth of July Crowds going to the Fair Grounds.

1909. Burning of the Cold-storage Warehouse.

1911. Half-Way up the Ferris Wheel. An Evening Concert near the Administration Building. The Johnson Family on the Midway Plaisance.

1912. The Johnson Family visit Jackson Park in the Evening.

1913. The Johnson Family visit the Dahoman Village.

1914. An Evening at Old Vienna. The Post-office in the Government Building. The Johnson Family in Cairo Street.

1915. A Hot Day at the Fair. An Evening on the Lagoon. Mr. Johnson hires a Roller-Chair.

1916. Aboard the Battle-Ship. British Empire Day at the Fair—trooping the Colors. Visitors in the Fisheries Building. The Johnson Family in the Esquimau Village.

1917. In the Cairo Street. The Johnson Family visit Lady Aberdeen's Irish Village and Blarney Castle.

1918. The English Military Tournament. Section of a great Ocean Steamship in the Transportation Building. The Johnson Family visit the Village of the South Sea Islanders. The Lake Shore, looking north.

1919. At the Javanese Theatre in Midway Plaisance. The Russian Horse Exhibit. The Johnson Family ride in a Gondola. At the Arab Fantasiya.

1920. The Midway Plaisance at Night. The Johnson Family witness the Drill of the Life-saving Crew. The Dance of the Dahomans in the Midway Plaisance.

1921. The Grand Arch of the Peristyle. The Johnson Family visit the Lapland Village.

1922. Chicago Day at Night: the Grand Court from the Peristyle; Fireworks on Lake Front. The Night Pageant on Chicago Day. The Chicago Day Crowd in the Court of Honor. The Drill of the Life-saving Crew. The Johnson Family visit the German Village. Sketches in the Midway Plaisance.

1923. Waiting for the Fireworks. Bedouins Dancing their National Dance, Midway Plaisance. An Eight-Page Supplement, containing Thirty-eight Interior Views of the various Buildings. The Javanese Dancing Girls.

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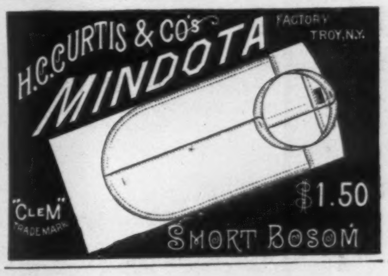

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A GALLANT KENTUCKIAN.

LAWRENCE'S "Don't give up the ship," Perry's "We have met the enemy and they are ours," and Crittenden's "General Taylor never surrenders," will be remembered as long as there is a patriotic heart in America to thrill with emotion at the recollection of heroic gallantry. Lawrence died almost as he uttered his heroic words; Perry lived only a few years after framing his famous despatch; but in the almost half-century that has intervened since Crittenden's reply at Buena Vista we had almost forgotten who it was that gave the rallying-cry to the Whigs in the campaign which ended in the election of Zachary Taylor as President of the United States. Major-General Thomas L. Crittenden, a Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General on the retired list of the United States Army, died the other day on Staten Island. He was the second son of that eminent American, John J. Crittenden, Governor of Kentucky, Representative and Senator in Congress, and twice Attorney-General of the United States. The elderly gentleman who has just passed quietly away in his seventy-ninth year was in his youth, his middle age, and, indeed, during the whole of his active career, a worthy son of so distinguished a father, and one of the most gallant Kentuckians who ever went to battle. He was a lawyer when war was declared against Mexico in 1846, but he quickly put aside his briefs, shut up his office, and joined the Kentucky troops, with the commission of a Lieutenant-Colonel. His first battle was Buena Vista, where he served on the staff of General Taylor. At the close of the first day's fighting in that engagement certain Mexican troops had been driven back and were retreating under the fire of the American guns. General Taylor sent young Crittenden to demand their surrender. Instead of surrendering, however, they took Crittenden a prisoner, and retreating through a narrow cañon, brought him before Santa Anna, the Mexican commander. Crittenden explained his business, now too late to be of consequence, and Santa Anna replied:

"Go back to General Taylor and say that I demand his surrender. I have him surrounded by 22,000 troops, and he cannot escape."

"I will deliver your message, sir," replied Crittenden, "but—General Taylor never surrenders."

He was escorted back to the American camp, and delivered the Mexican message.

"Old Rough and Ready" smiled grimly. "Said he had 22,000 men, did he? Well, he won't have so many to-morrow."

The next day the Americans won a great victory, and as a special messenger Crittenden bore the news to the President and Congress in Washington. After a visit to his home he returned to Mexico, and served under General Scott until the end of the war, which the uneducated people in Mexico to this day believe resulted in a Mexican triumph.

When General Taylor became President he appointed Crittenden to the remunerative office of Consul at Liverpool. The next stirring episode in the career of Crittenden was when the civil war had broken out. His father, as a Senator and Representative in Congress, had done all in his power to avert the impending struggle. When this was seen to be inevitable, he became an uncompromising Union man, and worked for the cause with might and main during the few remaining years of his life. The second son adopted his father's views, and in October, 1861, became a Brigadier-General of Volunteers in the Federal army. His elder brother, George B. Crittenden, then a Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular army, resigned his commission and espoused the Southern cause, and in a little while was witnessed the unnatural and remarkable spectacle of two brothers, each commanding an army corps, and operating against each other in a civil war.

This recalls the fact that at the beginning of the war the people in Kentucky were tried as were no others in the country. We read in the histories of the war of the great perplexity at both Washington and Richmond as to how Kentucky would go, but we hear little or nothing of the perplexities that beset the people of Kentucky themselves. In the early days of Kentucky there was a strong feeling against slavery, and in the first Constitution provision was made against certain features of the trade in slaves. Indeed, the leaders of public opinion looked forward to the gradual emancipation of the slaves. There were undoubtedly changes in public opinion between that early time and the breaking out of the war, but there were many people all over the State who looked upon the institution not only with regret, but with loathing. These were all for the Union. Then there were many others who, though they held to the theory of State rights as enunciated by the political leaders, still could not follow those leaders so far as to try to destroy the Union. These men, and many others who later went into the Southern army and fought with zeal and stubbornness, desired that Kentucky should remain neutral in the conflict. But this attitude was impossible. When this became suddenly manifest to all, there was a sad parting of the ways. It was necessary for each man to decide for himself, and to decide instantly. Each man felt bound to show his colors so that all could see. Whole families did not stick together at this time, but were divided according to the dictates of individual conscience. And so it came about that fathers and sons and brothers and cousins were arrayed on opposing sides. Such is the impetuous nature of the Kentuckians that, after the hope of neutrality had been abandoned, pretty nearly every able-bodied man in the State was in one army or the other. To the Union army Kentucky furnished her full quota of men, and even a larger number to the Confederacy. There was probably never in modern times so large a percentage of the population of a State bearing arms in actual warfare as there were of Kentuckians during the rebellion. And the majority of these combatants regarded the strife as both unnatural and unnecessary.

The hot-heads in the North and the hot-heads in the South were alike in one regard—both regarded the Kentucky officers high in command with some degree of suspicion, because their State had not rushed headlong into the conflict. The brothers Crittenden both suffered from this cause, and both resigned their commissions before the war was over.

General Thomas L. Crittenden, the gallant gentleman who is the subject of this sketch, was exonerated in calmer times, and was given the commission of Colonel in the regular army in 1866. He commanded a regiment until 1881, when he retired on account of age.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

UNITED STATES COAST-LINE BATTLE-SHIP "OREGON."

AT noon on the 26th of October the *Oregon*, the third of the three coast-line battle-ships authorized by act of Congress, approved June 30, 1890, was launched from the Union Iron-works of San Francisco, California.

Picture a steel hull 348 feet long on the water-line, 69 feet wide at its greatest breadth, having a pyramidal massiveness 50 feet high, to which must be added a single double-topped military mast of steel, and one has the general appearance of a craft such as the *Oregon*, or her sister ships the *Indiana* and *Massachusetts*.

Gird this giant amidships for a distance of 196 feet with a water-line belt of 18-inch Harveyized steel armor 7½ feet wide—3 feet above and 4½ feet below the water—and on the shelf formed within by the upper edge of this armor belt place a nickel-steel protective deck or roof 2¾ inches thick over the space occupied by the engines, boilers, and magazines, and on the outside, from the top of the heavy armor up to the main-deck, reenforce the ship's sides with four inches of armor backed by ten feet of coal, and you have compassed the principal defensive features of the hull proper.

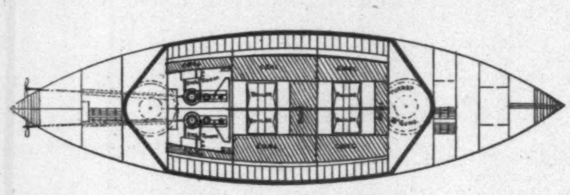

DIAGRAM SHOWING PROTECTIVE ARMOR OF THE "OREGON."

Away down in the bowels of the craft, below the water line and beneath the protective deck and many feet of coal, each in its own compartment, are four double-ended boilers and two sets of triple-expansion engines—*i. e.*, engines that reutilize the expansiveness of the steam twice after the first cylinder, which receives the heated vapor directly from the boilers, has exhausted it—that will develop the power necessary to revolve the two 16-foot screws at the rate of 128 times a minute, generating a speed of 15 knots, or 17.27 statute miles an hour.

Her main battery will consist of four 13-inch rifles, 40 feet long, eight 8-inch rifles, 25 feet long, and four 6-inch rifles, about 19 feet long. The 13-inch and 8-inch guns are mounted in pairs in six heavily armored barbette turrets, the 13-inch guns being on the forward and after main-deck, while the 8-inch guns are located at the four corners of the superstructure. The 6-inch guns are in armored sponsons, two on each side, amidships.

In a broadside action this ship will be able to greet an enemy within a minute's time with a salvo of ten of these guns, discharging almost a ton and a quarter of powder, and a mass of forged steel armor-piercing projectiles weighing over 45,000 pounds.

In addition to the main battery of heavy guns, there is what is designated a secondary battery—a force of cannon composed principally of twenty 6-pounder rapid-fire guns. These guns, as their denomination explains, fire a loaded shell weighing six pounds, capable of piercing four inches of wrought iron without breaking in the passage, and with the power of bursting into many fragments after penetration.

The particular office of these small pieces in action will be to form a destructive fire against unarmored parts of a vessel, to rake exposed positions, to drive the crews from partially protected guns, and to resist the attack of light craft, and especially torpedo-boats.

As terrible as these means of offence may seem, there is still a deadlier but more silent agent of annihilation in the torpedo. Launched from the vessel's bow, stern, or two places on either broadside—for a battle-ship may play her part in torpedo warfare—dropped into the water with no more noise than that of a faint report of a small charge of powder; speeding along its course at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, with nothing but a thin line of bubbles to mark its path by day, or a streak of phosphorescence at night, it strikes a foe beneath the water-line with all the destructiveness of 120 pounds of guncotton.

These vessels will form an important part of our coast guard in time of trouble. The idea of self-sufficiency and protracted independence of all other sources of supply are two of the most characteristic features of this craft.

With her bunkers full, it is estimated that she will be able to steam 4000 knots at full speed, and at a cruising speed of ten knots she may keep the sea for two months without recoaling.

The contract price of this ship is $3,180,000, and she should be ready for trial and governmental acceptance in about two years.

R. G. S.

THE ARMY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

OF all the interesting exhibits in the United States Government Building it is safe to say that that of grim-visaged war is the favorite with the peaceful crowds who flock through the building. There is something in the old familiar blue of the uniforms on the well-set-up enlisted men on duty, the displays of bristling bayonets, the array of heavy and field artillery, the relics of heroic deeds of old, and the improved means for performing heroic deeds in time to come, that fans the smouldering martial spark in every freeman's bosom, and makes him feel that he, too, is capable of deeds of derring-do should he be called upon to do a freeman's duty on the field of battle, and hope he won't be.

Nothing is more typical of the changed conditions of warfare than the way in which men dress to carry it on; and the various groups of figures in characteristic uniforms of different periods are correspondingly interesting. One hundred years ago, even fifty years ago, war was a function for which men put on long-tailed coats (unless they happened to belong to the cavalry branch), belted and cross-belted themselves in, donned stiff and outlandish head-gear, and went forth in serried ranks to battle, with banners waving and bands playing, in panoply and magnificence designed to strike awe to the hearts of the opposing forces.

The object of the soldier of to-day is to get as near the enemy as he can without being seen himself, and from some snug coign of vantage to pick his adversaries off one by one with his repeating rifle loaded with smokeless powder and an almost needlelike projectile. To that end he requires a dress that is easy-fitting, allowing absolute freedom of movement, that is inconspicuous, and at the same time is distinctive and military.

It would certainly be difficult to devise a uniform better conserving these ends than the simple comfortable fatigue uniform worn in the army at present. The old-time uniforms look as if they must have been designed to be worn by automatons, by machines. The modern uniform is worn by men who must think as well as act.

There is no touch of elbow on the skirmish-line, and the skirmish-line is the line of battle of to-day. Each private is colonel of a regiment of one—himself—and each corporal a brigadier of seven independent units. War is a serious business, a scientific profession calling for skilled labor in every department, and nowhere is more technical and special knowledge required of the enlisted men than in the Engineer and the Signal Corps.

The exhibit of the work of the Engineer Corps is comprehensive and interesting, though perhaps rather technical in character, and does not lend itself readily to pictorial treatment.

The Signal Corps wound its tendrils about the public heart in the days when it ran the Weather Bureau, and warned proposed picnic parties of impending showers; but it has its heroes as well as the more distinctly fighting arms of the service. And when General (then Lieutenant) Greely led his gallant expedition into arctic lands, a point of heroism, privation, and unfaltering devotion to duty was reached which comes very close to being "The Farthest North."

A striking tableau, showing the return of Lieutenant Lockwood and Sergeant Brainerd to Fort Conger in 1883 from the expedition on which they succeeded in planting the stars and stripes at a higher altitude—83° 24′ N.—than had ever previously been reached by civilized man, and their welcome by Lieutenant Greely, is one of the most effective exhibits in the War Department's display.

H. G. P.

THIS BUSY WORLD

If any one wonders how American women came to occupy that lofty and authoritative position which makes them envied of their sisters everywhere on earth, he can get some light on the subject by reading what the newspapers have had to say within a fortnight about Lucy Stone. She was born with the resolve that the American woman should get all that ought to be coming to her, and it is worth the while of any student of contemporary history to remark the energy and persistence and indefatigable courage that she devoted to the realization of that resolve. She was a great type of the woman with a mission. Nothing daunted her She overcame poverty by hard work and pinching economy. She wrested an education from an unwilling generation. She faced mobs with a pluck that was more than fearless, in that it was actually trustful She was eloquent without being vociferous, and apparently she was combative without being hostile. To beat the enemies of her movement was not so much her purpose as to win them. Since she began to agitate the woman's rights question, nearly fifty years ago, American women have gained pretty much all the rights and privileges she coveted for them except the right to vote; and the main reason why they have not got that seems to be that the men are reluctant to burden them with such an obligation. The prevalent American sentiment about women is that they shall have everything that is theirs, and anything of man's for which they can show a reasonable concurrence of desire. If the woman's rights movement lags somewhat now, it is because men have no more exclusive privileges which women deem worth sharing. The most that the erstwhile tyrant ventures in these days to ask of them is that, having appropriated all that was his, they shall appropriate him also, and let him share the usufruct of some of their privileges.

In discoursing the other day at Union College about the various departments of newspaper industry, Mr Dana omitted to say anything about obituaries. Yet as a department the obituary column seems of recent years to have gained perceptibly in importance. Take the *Sun*, or, as its editor would politely suggest, the *Tribune*. Besides the ordinary paid notices of deaths, its news columns regularly include a column, more or less, of obituary notes, varying in length from three lines to a hundred, and which set forth in the course of the year the more significant facts about a very large number of people of varying note. The preparation of even such minor items as these demands knowledge and skill, while the occasional editorial obituary, as most admirably illustrated from time to time in the *Sun*, gives scope for the exercise of intellectual gifts of the rarest and most subtle and discriminating sort. The man who can really say the right thing in a newspaper about some one who is dead, and who is worth talking about, is no slouch with a pen and ink. Professor Johnson, who has charge of the course of journalism in the University of Pennsylvania, should be sure to give his young men some training in the obituary art. It would be good practice if he should have them write occasional obituaries of himself and the other university professors, enlivened perhaps with original stanzas of such mortuary verse as is popular in some of the Philadelphia papers.

A good example of how not to do it appears in a recent obituary note in a metropolitan journal of high literary standing, which contains the lines, "Besides her daughter, she is survived by three sisters, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Robinson." "Is survived by" is a form of expression which, being compact and convenient, is very common in obituary notices, but to the present commentator, at least, it always seems infelicitous, since it seems to suggest a degree of posthumous achievement which does not accord with the repose which the mind associates with the condition of being dead. To say, "Besides her daughter, three sisters survive her, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Robinson," conveys the same facts, and, it would seem, more happily, since it puts the active work of surviving on living people, and relieves the departed of all concern or responsibility about it

So also the practice of speaking of the subject of the obituary as "the deceased," or simply as "deceased," seems more blest in its breach than its observance. It is accurate, to be sure, and grammatical, but falls somewhat crudely upon the ear, and such verbal ingenuity as it takes to dodge it is well bestowed.

The English and the Americans are both rich, but which are the richer? Perhaps the statisticians know or can find out, but it is not certain that the statistical answer would give the information that one really wants, and which involves the distribution of wealth as well as its mere existence. Most Americans have to work, but, as is well known, a considerable proportion of English people toil not nor spin, and make no pretence of doing anything for a living. Is that because the English are richer than we, or is it a matter of taste, or a result of primogeniture? So also it appears (from close study of documents submitted by Anthony Trollope and other contemporaneous historians) that British gentlemen in respectable circumstances employ from five to fifty servants, and have several houses apiece, all of which they live in, and travel much besides. An American who lives in that way is looked upon as a man of very exceptional resources, but it would seem that an English gentleman who does not live in that way is thought to be somewhat straitened At this time of year in England there are three or four hundred hunt clubs in active operation, and something like 20,000 Britishers ride pretty regularly to hounds. But hunting is an expensive sport that takes both time and money These English seem to have both to spare, and that although these present times are not reckoned as times of special prosperity in Great Britain. So Mr. Davis's description in Harper's Monthly of life in London in the season suggests a notable multitude of people with money to spend and fixed habits of spending it freely A returned traveller was speaking the other day of the shoals of agreeable English people he met in the Riviera and in all the play-places of southern Europe. When asked if they were rich people, he said not, but that they were able to live as they did because they knew how, and got their money's worth. He thought, too, that the well-to-do English had a more complete domestic apparatus ready to hand than most of the Americans, and could spend a larger proportion of their incomes on travel and amusement. Houses and furniture and such expensive vanities they had already by inheritance, and were not compelled to spend useful money in providing them. Regard the English habit of publishing novels in three bound volumes! Would the American buy novels in such costly form? Are not all the habits of living that we borrow from the British, from dock-tailed horses to in-door menservants, more costly than the customs they supersede? They must have a great deal of money to spend, those enterprising islanders. No one would hesitate to say that the Americans are richer than the Russians, or the Italians, or the Germans, or even the thrifty French, but the Briton gives us pause. Is he really richer than we are, or is he merely an older son, and a dweller in a land where servants work for small pay, and clothes are cheap, and novels are rented out by Mudie, and the tax on stimulants is laid for revenue, and not for prevention, and where to loaf and invite one's soul is esteemed a preferable thing to toil.

A lady who staid in Chicago from the middle of July to the middle of October, and went weekly or oftener to the fair, remarked on the great enjoyment the later crowds got out of the show. They had a good time. They brought their lunches with them, and sat down anywhere and ate when the time came. They were there for pleasure, and they got it abundantly and in large chunks. But earlier in the season it was not so. It was a matter of comment for some of the newspaper correspondents in May and June that the fair-goers took their pleasure somewhat despondently, that many of them looked fagged out, and that the prevailing animus was rather a sober sense of duty than exultant pleasure-seeking. No doubt, as the fair went on and the crowds grew bigger, people got more into the spirit of it, and were affected by the sentiment of the majority. And besides that, the big crowds of September and October were very largely made up of people who were used to hard work, and bore the fatigues of sight-seeing better than their predecessors of the early summer A very large proportion of the visitors in May and June were people of leisure, or at least of easy circumstances, who could choose their time. Their eminent respectability was very noticeable, but the later crowds had more fun.

Harper's Young People plumes itself upon the eminent merit of "Cadet Days," its new serial, in which Captain King tells the story of a lad's experiences at West Point. It is no secret that Captain King writes good books, and competent critics say that this new one is one of his best, and gains even by comparison with the most famous book of its class, *Tom Brown's School Days*, by Thomas Hughes. Cadet life at West Point abounds in material for a good story We see enough of the cadets and read enough in the newspapers about their doings to want to know more about their academical life, and inasmuch as we are the people, and the maintenance of the Military Academy depends upon the consent of our Representatives, it is well on all accounts that we should know more of the school and the life that it fosters. It is our school as very few other schools are, and when we have read Captain King's story we shall know at least enough about it to be interested in the action of our Congressmen when the military appropriations bill comes to a vote.

E. S. Martin.

AMATEVR - SPORT

It would be a rather interesting computation to figure up just how much time the big teams annually waste. Think of the number of hours spent at Princeton this year in trying to make impossible men quarters, and coming back to King finally! Then at New Haven they are still drumming at Brown and Holcomb for tackles, only, likely enough, to wind up at last with Murphy and Messler or Chadwick. At Cambridge they have put enough energy upon men they will never play to make an entire team of average players. The work is not wasted where it brings out possible men for future teams; but trying to shift old men, and then, after all, bringing them back to the former position, has in it no measure of profit, and generally comes not from the captain, but from some coach with a fancy in his head.

The captain of the Williams team is reported as saying that after playing both teams he considers Yale not in the same class with Harvard. Such a statement weakens one's confidence in the Williams captain's judgment. Yale and Harvard have been and certainly are this year in the same class. It is, perhaps, late enough in the season now to pass something like a comparative judgment upon the two teams.

Harvard has certain points of superiority which are decidedly marked, but almost all come from the coaching it has received and Yale missed. The Yale line, which should have been sufficiently superior to Harvard's to make up for the loss of all but one man behind it, has been allowed to deteriorate until even an inferior line like Williams held it, and, indeed, often broke it. Harvard's, on the other hand, in spite of the chase for new men to fill guard, tackle, and end, has been growing stiffer and better from week to week under the steady drive of the many coaches, until it is of better playing service than the line of last year.

Practical form is what counts, and last year the Harvard line was unreliable, as shown in the B. A. A. and the Cornell games, even on the eve of the Springfield match. It is that stiffness of play which Harvard has acquired in her line this season that argues well for its prospects. Yale's line is more limber than I ever saw it before. The big men in their freedom from coaching have loafed, and now even under the whip can hardly be driven to good work. Behind the line, however, the situation changes. Harvard's coaching has been far more effective upon the line than upon the backs, while what little Yale has had previous to Rhodes's arrival was largely directed to the backs, and they were evidently ready to profit by it. In Morris, even though Adee be on the lame list, Yale has a better quarter than Harvard, while the other three backs are, with the exception of their catching, already just as good as Harvard's. More than that, Armstrong and Thorne have played together so steadily, practice and games alike, that they assist each other as smoothly as any pair of halves Yale ever had. To sum up, then, Harvard has the better drilled line, Yale the better quarter, and while individually the men behind Harvard's line are stronger, the difference is not great, and the Yale halves work together more satisfactorily Having always been a believer in line-work, and that Yale's long string of victories is due to superiority in that quarter, Harvard seems to me to have the place to-day.

Harvard must do more consistent work, however, than in the past week if it hopes to keep even with the improvement rapidly making at New Haven The playing against the team of "old grads." would hardly have been praiseworthy in a school team. All the evidence of snap was lacking, the runners started slowly and ran without spirit, and there was as little team-play as though it had never been heard of at Cambridge. Whatever the cause, the play was very bad and inexcusable, Harvard cannot afford such "horse-play" at any time of the short season. Later in the week there was a perceptible brace, and the men once more began to show a semblance of 'varsity form.

The advent of Gouterman was somewhat of a surprise to those who had supposed the best of the candidates had already been seen on Jarvis Field. He has been prevented from playing by an injury to his hand, but his work Thursday, at half-back, proves him to be a candidate of much promise; the fact of his having made four of the five touchdowns speaks the kind of game he played He has speed, appears to find some use for interference, and though a little light, his running is in marked contrast to that of Dunlap's and Gray's. He gets away quickly, and once away it is a good man who can overtake him. Certainly he showed more speed than any other half has thus far this autumn. He played on his Freshman eleven last year, and weighs about 150 pounds.

Lewis and Brewer have been taking life easily, and played very little. Mackie and Acton continue steady and improving, though not brilliant, at centre. Newell has been the attraction of the past week. He has been playing like in the old days of his Freshman year, and in consequence he has made it very lively work for the men opposite him on the second eleven. His tackling is much better than it was the early part of the season, and certainly better than it was the early part of last week. Manahan is filling the position of left tackle in a very creditable manner, and with experience he may prove to be the man for the place. There is no doubt, however, that the line would be stronger if Waters was in the position. Emmons likewise has aroused himself, and is doing better work and paying attention to his game. With Waters to help him there would be little fear of many runs around his end.

Stevenson is rapidly learning how the other end should be played, and seems to have taken the lead of any other candidate. Fairchild has not heeded my warning against self-satisfaction; and Foster, who has worked like a Trojan, has become the favored quarter in the estimate of every one who has watched his play. He runs the team with more judgment, passes quicker, and makes better use of himself after the play starts.

Waters, at half, is putting up the same steady reliable game he has played all the autumn. He is easily tackled, however, and if a smaller and nearly as good half can be made, Waters will strengthen and benefit the eleven best by going in at tackle. His presence in the line would have a wholesome effect on Emmons and Acton, the latter especially, who, notwithstanding his improvement, must be considered an uncertain man in action It would give an experienced man just where one is needed most, and though unfortunate for Manahan, the eleven would be a great gainer. With Waters to steady one side of the line, Newell the other, and Lewis the centre, Brewer would find it easy to urge on the half-backs and keep them up to their work. In fact, with such a combination, Harvard's eleven would be in the very best possible arrangement, especially with such men as Clark, Dunlap, or Gouterman filling the position of half-backs.

The play of the team as a whole is good; the interference is being rapidly developed, and the tackling growing sharper every day.

There is no reason why Harvard should not this year have an eleven worthy the name.

Hart is the new light at New Haven in the half-back line. He has been playing with more or less frequency since the beginning of the season, but it is only in the past week or two that any one has fancied that he might show 'varsity form He seems to be a man, however, who, while making no very rapid progress, carefully moves up a little bit every day, and holds what he has. In this slow but sure way he has crept along until he is being considered very favorably by the coaches, and in Butterworth's absence takes Thorne's place, while the latter goes to full-back. Hart is of medium weight, but, like Armstrong, well put together, and naturally firm on his feet. He runs well with the ball, is a quick starter, and hard to upset. He does not understand the use of his arm, nor, in fact, the other finer points of half-back play, but he looks like an eminently teachable man, and worth working over. In the Williams game he did some very pretty running, until tackled in the open, when he usually went straight into his man and came down.

The Yale-Williams game gave the clearest line we have had yet on Yale's play, for, with the exception of Butterworth, and possibly Adee, the team was much as it will be made up for the big games. The prime feature was the clean sharp swing of the interference for end runs. All Yale had to do to secure a touch-down at any time, no matter where the ball happened to be, was to let loose her interference and give the runner the ball Of course this was good. But none of Yale's other plays came off. When Yale bucked the centre, Williams filled up the holes. When Yale tried between guard and tackle, Williams sometimes got the man before he even reached the line. There seemed to be no life in the Yale forwards, and it was quite as true in their defensive as in their offensive work. Williams, in the line, was not by any means afraid of its opponents, and grew more confident after feeling them once or twice.

Thorne can never make a full-back, nor even a substitute full-back, and Yale ought to be working hard on young Richards, who can both kick and run. Thorne is too slow

"RIDERS OF MANY LANDS."—By Colonel Theodore Ayrault Dodge.—Illustrated from Drawings by Remington, and from Photographs.
8vo, Cloth, $4 00.—Published by Harper & Brothers.

with his punts to ever get in his kick against a good team. His place is decidedly half back, and not full. But as a half he mates well with Armstrong; they work together cleverly; and Thorne is at present the best catcher of punts behind Yale's line, although not yet sure. His line-breaking is good, and has improved in the last week. Both he and Hart have gone up nearer to a place, while Eaton has remained the same, and Hall is being distanced.

BEARD IS PUTTING UP BETTER FOOTBALL every day, and his chances proportionately improving. He is much quicker in every way, and already shows signs of a desire to get out of his position and help in the play—something which Stillman did not do to any marked extent, nor, in fact, has Beard himself ever before shown such symptoms. Beard's past record is against him, in that he has never been able to beat his rival for a place either on the field or in the boat; for he has tried for the 'varsity crew also. This time it looks as though he were in earnest, and had turned over a new leaf. The real test will come when Stillman is again well enough to play, and the two face each other. It has always been at this point that Beard has hitherto failed, so the contest will be carefully watched by the Yale coaches.

Billy Rhodes has made his presence felt by the tackles, and the result of his work is showing in the far sharper movement of that portion of the line. Messler has come in for a good share of his attention, and has profited by it, but, for all that, Murphy seems first choice yet, and the struggle for second between Messler and Chadwick. None are good enough for Newell, and if Waters comes up into the line on the other side, Harvard will outclass Yale at two positions which will surely be the most important ones in the Springfield game.

ALTHOUGH THE POPULAR VERDICT gives victory to Pennsylvania in its game against Princeton next Saturday, November 4th, we must stand alone in believing Princeton will carry the day. There is no doubt that Pennsylvania's team on a superficial inspection seems to completely overshadow Princeton's. It has a large percentage of veterans; its line has never had so many heavy, active men—in fact, no forwards on any 'varsity are stronger or more active, while back of the line its material from the very first of the season has been the envy of all the colleges. Neither Harvard, Yale, nor Princeton has a half-back who approaches Knipe, nor one that has the natural ability of Osgood. Pennsylvania has, indeed, four backs, any one of whom has the making of a more valuable man than all of Princeton's combined. But with all this natural material as a basis, the finished result has not been what it should be. The Pennsylvania men seem not to have the proper spirit, not to be in touch in their team-play. With a line of forwards strong enough to hold anything, they have nevertheless put up a poor defensive game; while the offensive work, although much better, has been effective only in a limited number of plays. I have seen them play a great game for a few moments, only to let through some one at an important time and place. Pennsylvania's defence has not improved the past week, and it must improve greatly if they would prevent Princeton from winning. Then, too, their sole method, outside of Reese's run around centre, of advancing the ball seems to be by running the backs, and they are likely to be somewhat the worse for wear in the second half, especially as they are sure to have Princeton's active rushers down on them quite frequently. There is wanting that enthusiasm and individual determination so necessary to success in football.

PRINCETON, ON THE OTHER HAND, although a long way from being all she should be, certainly has two very valuable features to be taken into consideration—remarkably strong defensive play, and the enthusiasm and individual determination. Her backs, individually speaking, are not to be compared with Pennsylvania's, but they are apt to be of quite as much if not more service to their team, because of their better team-play and more skilful interference.

There is no doubt the Princeton line will be able to hold the Pennsylvania forwards, and, besides, break through them, to the great embarrassment of the quarter-back and the successful obeying of his signals. This will be the more likely as Vail, the Pennsylvania quarter, is a little slow, and apt, with his forwards coming back on him constantly, to confuse his plays. Although Princeton's backs are weak, they will be aided by the best interference that has yet been developed by the orange and black, backed up by forwards that get into every play. Besides this, Princeton does not depend entirely on her backs to advance the ball. Against the Princeton backs, however, is the charge of fumbling, and if they indulge as freely as they did against Cornell and Lehigh, it will probably result in a touch-down for Pennsylvania, and may lose them the game. As a matter of fact, it will not be surprising if there is fumbling on both sides next Saturday, and some points made on flukes, from muffed punts and dropped ball on tackles.

WHY PRINCETON'S BACKS CONTINUE to run so high is a question. It was evident again in the game against Lehigh last week that no improvement in that respect had been made; only one man, and he a new one, Hearn, hit the line properly, and he spoiled his good work in this respect by the little he did in interference. No half-back can get through a line in championship form nowadays with his head up in the breeze. And although Princeton seems to set great store by Ward, if he continues to run high, Yale will dispel Thanksgiving day whatever illusions there may be on the effectiveness of such form. The Lehigh game showed just how weak Princeton is on substitutes, and how dependent on King at quarter. Bradley, who went in at quarter, played a wretched game, scarcely ever getting the ball back properly, while the kicking of Betts at full was not good enough for a scrub team. Should King get laid up, Princeton would be in a bad way. For all Bradley's poor work at quarter, to me he seemed to have the making of a player; he is active, got into the plays, and interfered well. Princeton's condition back of the line is bad—very. Every one of the men needs the hardest coaching. Rosengarten's injury will cripple the team; for while he had much to learn, he had given promise of making a good half. He is not likely to play in the Pennsylvania game. It seems curious Barnett does not have a try; he has more experience, and though light, plays a quick hard game; he does not use his head much in finding the opening, but he might be coached in this particular.

THE FIRST HALF OF THE LEHIGH GAME was good football, Princeton playing a quick snappy game, sending interference around the ends for good gains, and piling up twenty-eight points. Two places in the line and all four of the positions back of the line were filled by substitutes in the second half, and the play was miserable. Lehigh kept hammering away, however, with a snappy game and a general style of play that reflected much credit on their coach, Harmon Graves. They not only kept Princeton from scoring, but made a touch-down themselves.

Lehigh deserves success, for they have been persistent in their efforts to win recognition. Their game is an improved one, and shows that Hartwell's work with them last year and Graves's this year have done a good bit toward setting them on the right road. In a year or two they will have the needed traditions, and their material will be made into its best shape. There has many a good man come out of Lehigh, but their ideas have not remained behind long enough.

Balliet, Wheeler, and Trenchard are doing such good work in the line that there are none better on any 'varsity. Lea has it in him, and is rapidly rounding into championship form. Holly must give more attention to the ball, and less to wrestling his opposite; the lesson he had in the '91 Yale game should stand him in hand this year. Taylor is playing the game of his life; he is doing well at guard—so well, in fact, that he seems to be of as much service to the team as Hall. He has not the weight, but gets into more plays, and is altogether a greatly improved man. If McCauley would keep on his toes, he could be more valuable to his team. He has not done so well as he should in recent games, and has let men get past him that he should have tackled easily.

To win, it is absolutely necessary for Princeton to have her strongest team on the field, and for every one of them to play the game of his life.

THE PENNSYLVANIA LINE WILL HAVE Thornton at centre, it having been found impossible to bring Woodruff up to proper form, but he will take Oliver's (whose knee was twisted recently) place at left guard, where his great strength may be used to advantage in defensive play. Wharton will be the other guard, and though not brilliant, is steady, and a hard man to hold. Reese will fill right tackle, and he is chiefly valuable for his runs around centre; otherwise he is slow, and covers little ground. Mackey, the other tackle, is not up to his last year's form, and is, in fact, the weak spot on the line; if Princeton hammers that point they will gain ground through him. Rosengarten will probably have the right end, and he is Schoff's equal in breaking up interference, besides which he is a good ground-gainer, and a faster man than Abbott, his rival for the place. The left end

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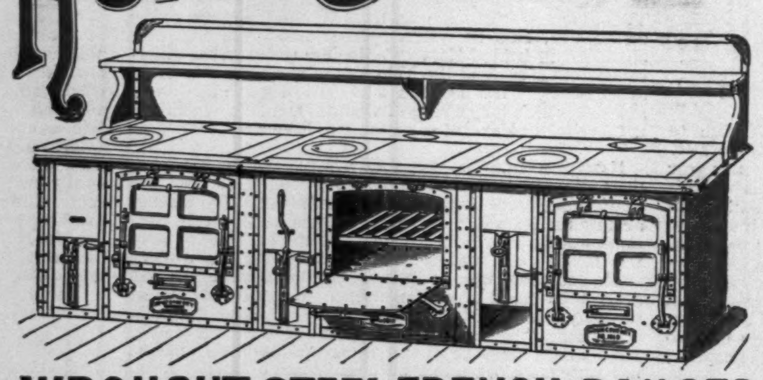

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Since the formation of the Intercollegiate Football Association there have been several occasions upon which its speedy dissolution seemed imminent. The Harvard-Princeton imbroglio was the most serious of late years, and resulted in Harvard's withdrawal. In earlier years an unfinished and undecided game between Yale and Princeton nearly broke up the organization, and only a season ago an exceedingly brutal game between Pennsylvania and Princeton all but resulted in the expulsion of the former. Again, last week, the Association seemed very close to its end, and the disturbing element the same as that which brought about Harvard's resignation—namely, eligibility. Upon this rock it looks as if the wreck will finally come; and if it must be, let it come, as we confess it will be no more deplorable than its continued existence as an excuse for eternal strife, each member endeavoring to gain a temporary advantage through debarring the player of a rival team, and yet saving his own. There is no rule that can be stretched to admit everybody's players, and the everlasting bickering of the last year has just about worn out the patience of college men and sportsmen generally. It is shameful that all this political claptrap and legislation should be tolerated. We had rather see football forbidden by the university faculties than pained by the exhibition of our college boys, sons of gentlemen, resorting to the intrigues of unprincipled professionals. If football elevens are to be maintained at the expense of good honest sportsmanship, let them be dissolved, and the game put aside, until a generation of sportsmen grow up to fill the rank and file of our teams. Better no football, no baseball, than players and managers and advisers who, instead of appreciating and obeying the spirit of the law, spend their time diligently searching for an evasion of the letter.

The Amendment touching eligibility passed last week and printed in full herewith is an excellent one in every respect, though there are one or two particulars in which the line can be drawn still a little closer. Taking the university idea as a basis, in contradistinction to the undergraduate or academic restriction, the lines cannot be drawn too closely. It is not enough that they prescribe so many hours of study, and insist on a year's residence; they must go further, and checkmate the "bona fide enrolled student," who does not return to college until the football season begins and leaves immediately after it ends. The college faculties owe it to the fathers of the boys whose moral and mental welfare is in their keeping, they owe it to themselves, to see that every member of a 'varsity eleven and nine and crew is a student in fact as well as in name. The very life of these sports depends on their wholesome foundation. One might almost assert that the whole undergraduate fabric in its highest sense rests upon honesty in sport, since it cannot be denied that it is the dominating force in the moulding of the boy's character. We do not wish to see an item going the rounds of the daily press, in the middle of the football season, that So-and-so has been induced to return to college to fill a gap in the rush-line, nor that the captain is elated because he has persuaded a last year's half-back to return at the eleventh hour.

Amendment to playing rule 13 and to article 10 of the constitution of the Intercollegiate Football Association:

1. No man shall be eligible for the team of any college in this association who is not pursuing a bona fide course requiring attendance on recitations or lectures of at least six hours a week. If a graduate, he shall be pursuing a course for a degree requiring at least one year's study. If an undergraduate, and not pursuing a course for a degree, he shall not be allowed to play during his first year in college.

2. Any man who has attended lectures or recitations in any other college shall not be eligible for the team of any college in this association unless he be a regular member of the Freshman, academic, and scientific class, or until he has spent one year of resident study in that college, and has passed satisfactory examinations upon a full year's work.

3. No man shall play more than four years on any team in this association.

4. Two weeks before each game of this association the two captains shall submit to each other a list of forty players from which his team shall be chosen. If either captain has any objections to make to any man on the list submitted to him, he shall submit the protest within four days to the Advisory Committee and to the other captain. The Advisory Committee shall have power to decide on the eligibility of players, and shall consider the protest submitted to them within forty-eight hours of its receipt. Either captain may submit a further list of six players not later than five days before the game. Protests to any of these men may be submitted in the same manner, and the Advisory Committee shall pass upon the same not later than forty-eight hours before the game.

5. The referee of any game in this association, at the request of either captain, shall debar from that game any man not included in the lists submitted, or who has been declared ineligible by the Advisory Committee.

The only criticism touching this amendment is that it should have been made earlier in the season. It always creates confusion to enforce new laws once work has begun on the old order. So far, however, as this amendment concerns any of the present members of the association, it must be remembered that the season began with the undergraduate rule in force, and both Pennsylvania and Princeton were aware they were running the risk of disqualification in training men for their elevens who were not eligible under that rule. The new rule leaves Princeton's team intact, but takes some seven players from Pennsylvania; but Princeton will undoubtedly play Pennsylvania without challenging any of them, and it is likely Yale will do likewise.

The opening games of the Western University Association have furnished rather disappointing play, none of them, with the possible exception of Kansas, showing so well as in the first games last year. This may be accounted for, however, by the fact that the season opened several weeks later in '92. The schedules are arranged with much more judgment this year, and undoubtedly all the teams at the close of the season will show an advance over last year.

Kansas opened its season by scoring its first defeat, the Minnesota team winning by 12–6, and showing the effects of the old Yale guard, S. Morrison's, coaching in their snappy play. They made their two touch-downs within ten minutes after the opening of the game, and carried the Kansas men off their feet by their sharp work. The Minnesota team hold the '92 championship of the Northwestern League, won from Ann Arbor, Chicago, Northwestern, and Wisconsin universities.

The Missouri University met with a telling defeat, 28–0, in its game against Baker, and showed a rather unexpectedly weak game, even taking into consideration the return of only four old players. Neither team tackled well, though Baker showed some fair interference and played a strong offensive game.

The Iowa 'Varsity was easily beaten by the Denver Athletic Club team (score 58–0), which is stronger this year than ever, and had the additional advantage of a previous game with the Chicago Athletic Club and Northwestern University teams Some very interesting games are promised.

The West Point eleven played the best game of football last Saturday against Yale it has ever shown, and Laurie Bliss, who has been coaching it, deserves much credit for what he has accomplished. Yale found a team much stronger than they had expected, and were called upon, especially in the second half, to play their hardest game of the year. West Point's centre, Ames, more than held his own against Beard, while Stacy, their half-back, went through tackle and end and around the end in a way that surprised Yale and the spectators alike. West Point's offensive play is strong; the men make their holes well, and the backs hit the line hard. They all start slowly, however, and the tackling of the team throughout is high. The defensive play is not so praiseworthy, but their work all round is good enough to promise the strongest team West Point has ever had by the time they meet Annapolis. Yale's line, to repeat myself, seems never to have been so limber.

Football scores week ending October 28th:

October 25.—Yale, 82; Williams, 0. Harvard 'Varsity, 6; Harvard "Grads," 0. Princeton, 28; Lehigh, 6. Pennsylvania, 18; Pennsylvania State College, 6. Tufts, 6; Cornell, 0. Amherst, 18; Trinity, 0. Andover, 10; Brown, 4. October 28.—Yale, 28; West Point, 0. Harvard, 58; Brown, 0. Princeton, 76; Wesleyan, 0. Pennsylvania, 82; Lafayette, 0. Cornell, 10; Williams, 10. Lehigh, 12; Annapolis, 6. University of Virginia, 28; Johns Hopkins, 12. Boston A. A., 26; Amherst, 0.

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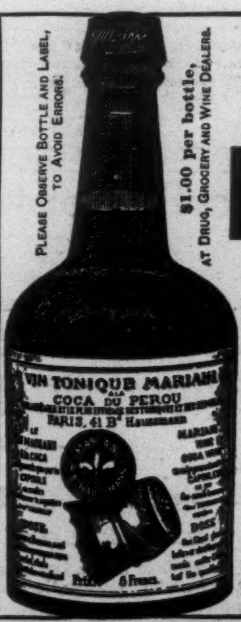

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